WALKER'S

HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE:

OR,

Compendium of Entertaining Knowledge.

FOR OCTOBER, 1808.

We this Month present our Readers with a PLAN of the Battle of Vimiera, Retreat of Major.-Gen. Ferguson's Brigade, by which the French army was completely beaten and routed. From a very Masterly Engraving executed under the inspection of Major Campbell.

Life of GENERAL JUNOT. (With a Portrait. Taken from A Miniature in the Possession of a French Officer.)

DURING the present rapid changes of scene, on the great theatre of Europe, curiosity is awake to enquire into the merits of the respective *actors*; and as the curtain may soon fall upon this motley groupe, when the names and characters of all but a few of the *arch fiends* must sink into the stream of oblivion, a few temporary sketches will not fail of being acceptable to our readers.—When the Goths in the early age overrun Europe, and when Charlemagne with his twelve peers of romantic history, parcelled out great part of this quarter of the globe, amongst themselves and their feudal followers, the conquered nations viewing them as the descendants of ancient heroes, whose worth was indubitable in a military age, were in some measure prepared to yield to their sway: not so with the present race of invaders, for with the exception of a few born of *high*—but who would have been a disgrace to *any* rank, the whole of them are not only sprung from the lowest orders of society, but have been in many individual instances fit subjects for the coercion of those old established laws of society, which they have daringly outraged even before the revolution.

The subject of our present biography, general Junot calling himself duke of Abrantes, which he has assumed as one of the most ancient extinct titles of Portugal, is the son of a petty corn-chandler at Orleans, and was engaged in the servile drudgery of his father's business so late as the year 1789, but his dissolute habits having induced him to make rather free with his father's cash, the old man not approving of this species of equality, turned him out of his house; the pupil of liberty immediately proceeded to Paris, where his *active philosophy* soon introduced him to some of the members of the jacobin club, who judging him fit for their purposes supported him a short time in the capital. The operations on the southern frontier requiring an augmentation of the national army, citizen Junot, in his zeal to regenerate the county of Nice, which at that time was rather unenlightened,

took up his muſquet and marched for Provence; and after the ravaging of the territory of Nice, in which this active citizen diſplayed his *civiſm* and *philanthropy*, he was with the army in Provence, at the time of the evacuation of Toulon by the Britiſh and Spaniſh forces. During the ſhort ſiege, ſerving with the artillery, he attracted the notice of Bonaparte, who then was *chef de brigade*; it has been ſtated, that Napoleon, during a heavy cannonade, enquired if any one near him could write, Junot immediately offered his ſervices, and whilſt employed on a drum head, a ſhot ſtriking the ground cloſe to his ſide covered him with duſt. Undiſmayed at the event, he coolly obſerved, that he wanted ſand for his letter. 'You are a gallant ſoldier,' exclaimed Napoleon, 'how can I ſerve you?' 'Give me promotion,' ſaid he, 'I ſhall not diſgrace it.' He was immediately made a ſerjeant, and choſen by Bonaparte as his orderly, and diſplayed ſuch abilities and coolneſs, that he ſoon obtained the rank of an officer.

On the ſurrender of Toulon he made himſelf particularly noticed by his ſhare in the atrocities which were inflicted on all thoſe who had favoured the Britiſh, when all thoſe who had even lodged an Engliſhman in their houſes, or who were ſuſpected of being favourable to the old regime were aſſembled in the *Champ de Mars*, and butchered in cold blood, to the amount of fifteen hundred men, women, and children; an exploit boaſted of by *his friend*, when he wrote to the convention 'upon the field of glory, my feet inundated with the blood of traitors, I announce to you, with a heart beating with joy, that your orders are executed, and France avenged!' In the following autumn, when Napoleon was arreſted as a terroriſt, after the death of Robeſpierre, Junot ſhared his fate, but being liberated by a general amneſty, he followed the fortunes of his patron, and was appointed his aid-de-camp when elevated to the rank of commander in chief in 1796. This promotion is ſuppoſed to have been greatly owing to his intermediate ſervices at Paris, particularly on the 4th of October 1795, when on the conteſt between the national convention and the ſections of Paris, reſpecting the new conſtitution, Bonaparte with his artillery ſwept the ſtreets in all directions, killing and wounding without mercy or diſtinction, until upwards of eight thouſand of both ſexes, and of all ages, were left weltering in their blood.

Throughout the campaigns in Italy he acquitted himſelf ſo as to preſerve the confidence of his general, particularly at Mondovi, at Milan, and at Pavia, where by his cruel atrocities and ſkill in plundering, he proved his capability of commanding, and was promoted to the rank of colonel. When the expedition ſailed for Egypt he embarked as aid-de-camp, and took an active part in that country and in Syria, where he ſhared Bonaparte's moſt ſecret confidence, with the infamous Duroc, now grand maſter of the ceremonies at Paris; but owing to ſome unaccountable accident he was *not* one of thoſe ſo ſlyly brought off by Napoleon, when he eſcaped by ſtealth, not only from the Britiſh, who were looking after him, but alſo from his own army. He was therefore left until 1802, when he returned to France 'covered with glory;' but on his arrival was immediately appointed general of diviſion, and ſoon after governor of Paris; here his deſpotic and cruel diſpoſition made him an able ſupporter of Fouché, whom he rivalled in cruelty and extortion, and was ſtrongly ſuſpected of being, as well as Fourché, the private encourager of a daring gang of houſe-breakers and footpads, who were the terror of the capital in the winter of 1803,

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and of whom the few that were detected and brought *to juſtice*, were invariably ſcreened by ſome *inviſible* power, and permitted to elude all puniſhment. He reſigned this command in 1805, to *our imperial brother*, prince Murat, and we believe that it was ſhortly after this he choſe *an Albanian princeſs* for his ſpouſe, who is the preſent ducheſs of Abrantes. When Laſnes had *completed his fortune* in Portugal, or when he was wanted for ſome other purpoſe, Junot ſuperſeded him at Liſbon, where, if his conduct at firſt was not ſo brutal as that of his predeceſſor, it was yet as abandoned and oppreſſive, though clothed in deep diſſimulation. On the retreat of the Portugueſe court, Junot took the command of the French troops deſtined to occupy Portugal, when he ſhewed his character in its true colours, by outraging the forms of religion, by general conſcriptions of all property, and by every revolutionary meanneſs and atrocity which has ſo long diſgraced the arms of France. Of his cruelty, diſſimulation, and more recent robberies, it is unneceſſary to give a detail; they are freſh in the memories of all, as well as his boaſting about the reception he would give the Britiſh troops, who have already given him a leſſon: the wealth he has acquired in Portugal muſt be great, but of that we hope he is completely ſtripped even whilſt this ſheet is writing; but he has ſtill a large property left, which, including the lands granted him in Poland, is ſuppoſed to amount to 17,000*l. per annum.* He is now in the vigour of life, but moſt uncouth and vulgar in his appearance, his face is ſeamed with ſcars, and his manners are rude, booriſh, and obtruſive; he is ignorant of all kinds of learning, yet he is reckoned remarkable for his deciſion and capability, and certainly his conduct as a general, ſince the landing of our troops in Portugal, does not belie the general opinion formed of him. Of his *honour* the following anecdote is told, which we believe to be correct, though we do not vouch for its authenticity: whilſt governor of Paris, he was in the habit of frequenting the gambling-houſes, and one evening at Freſcati, in plain clothes, accompanied by a young man in the ſame coſtume, he ſtood near one of the tables where this young man ſtaked *rouleaux* apparently of fifty *louis d'ors* at *rouge et noir.* When the young man loſt, he always took up his *ſtake*, and laid down another in its ſtead, but when at laſt he won, he exultingly told the banker to count the *ſtake* in *his rouleaux*, when it was found to contain bank notes to the amount of one hundred thouſand livres, about 4500l. A demand ſo extraordinary induced the bankers to refer it to the company, when Junot immediately interpoſed, ſaid the young man was his aid de-camp, and ſwore if they did not pay him inſtantly, that he would confiſcate the bank, and arreſt every individual of the company; not intimidated by this threat they refuſed payment, when this *juſt* republican, ſeized the caſh on the table, but a tumult taking place, the guard was called in, and ordered to take ſixteen of them to priſon, where they remained until they could *ſettle* the buſineſs, whilſt Junot and his aid-de-camp quietly pocketed all the caſh they could find, and returned to their uſual *ſeat of juſtice!!!*

Newſpaper Authencity, &c.

SIR,

GIVE me leave, who have long been in the ſecret of ſome of theſe oracles, to amuſe a few of your readers with a recent relation, upon the veracity of which they may depend.

Among the legions we employ, from the parliamentary reporter down

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to the detailer of a midnight broil, a drunken affray, or a ſtreet robbery, we have ſome who, whether the record of occurrences entitle them or not, will eat if poſſible; hence, when real events are wanting, they feel little or no indiſpoſition to feign and fabricate them. It is true, they are often ſuſpected even by their employers, but to detect is not always ſo eaſy as may be imagined. However, a few months ago, a perſon in the habit of taking the reports of boxing-matches, coroners' juries, &c. feeling an inclination to ſwell his weekly bill, he being one of the gentlemen paid upon the principle of the *quantum meruit*, with the help of imagination as he thought, had fabricated a whole, without the leaſt foundation in fact, that was not eaſy to call in queſtion. It was in appearance a circumſtantial detail of a coroner's jury, with the neceſſary appendage of ſubject, time, place, &c. Conſcious of the beauty of this creation, the author thought he was ſure of his object, and went to take a cup by way of ſelf-congratulation. Unfortunately, during his abſence, his dwelling was viſited by a brother ſcribe, who throwing his keen eye over the fair page as it lay upon the table, imbibed the contents, and without waiting for his friend withdrew, committed it to writing in his own way, with a few variations, and, as ſoon as poſſible tranſmitted it to the very ſame newſpaper office for which the other was deſigned.

As may be ſuppoſed, it was not long before the writer firſt mentioned returned, and as his friend had made ſo ſhort a ſtay he was under no apprehenſion. He was not ſo haſty as he might have been in tranſmitting his detail. He had reaſons for taking it himſelf when the following dialogue occurred between him and the editor:—

Editor. I am ſorry you have given yourſelf the trouble to write this account. I have every word of it already.

Writer. Sir, that is impoſſible, as there was no other reporter preſent but myſelf.

Editor. I ſuſpect, ſir, this is not the firſt time you have impoſed upon us. There ſir, [handing him his friend's tranſcript] read that.

It is ſcarcely neceſſary to add, that to this kind of evidence there was no reply. The fabricator's apology was aukward: he had not ſufficient ſagacity to recollect that his copy might have been ſeen by his brother ſcribe, during his ſhort viſit, but poſitively for a while perſuaded himſelf, that *poſſibly*, as he ſaid of his own ſtory, there might be *ſome truth in it!*

AN OBSERVER.

Mrs. Jordan, or Kiſſing goes by Favour.

IT is an old ſaying that *kiſſing goes by favour*, but it is not more true of real than of mimic life. A dramatiſt may write, '*kiſſis her*,' to all eternity, while mr. Noble, mr. Maddox, and ſome other ſweet youths, have the direction to follow; for the lady-actreſs will manage ſo that it will be all ſham. Example:

Some years ſince mrs. Jordan was playing at Margate theatre, with a new performer, an Iriſhman, and when he was to have kiſſed her, ſhe turned her head ſo as to preſent little more than her ear. 'Och by Jaſus, then,' exclaimed the Hibernian, 'I'll be d—— if I kiſs you at all—If you won't let me play my part as a man ſhould—you may do it all yourſelf.' And with this he walked off amidſt a roar of laughter.

Reflection.

The authority of faſhion is ſo ſingularly abſolute, that it forces us to to be ridiculous under pain of appearing ſo.

Romance

Romance of the Pyrenees. By a Lady. (Continued from page 533.)

CHAP. LXXIII.

AFTER the daring achievement of Diego had refcued himfelf and friends from the diabolical power of Garcias, the helmfman whom he had ftrongly fettered, gueffing the nature of Diego's plan, made every effort to liberate himfelf, and to be heard by his meffmates—but in vain —until, as night advanced, the portentous appearances of the clouds creating his moft ferious alarm, he was at length worked into a perfect phrenzy of apprehenfion, and by the ftrength of defperation, broke from his bonds, and with much difficulty and labour roufed almoft all the fhip's company to a fenfe of their imminent danger. All idea of revenge or purfuit was now loft in that of perfonal apprehenfion. Every nerve was ftrained; and their exertions, aided by the excellent condition of the caravel, Providence allowed to fteer them in fafety back to the Pyrenees, having a greater punifhment in ftore for thofe who had long braved, but well deferved, its vengeance.

We recollect no circumftance from this time, until the ducheffa di Manfredonia arrived at the château, where our heroine had taken refuge after the fhipwreck, that requires explanation to our patient reader.—The perplexity and conftternation of that diabolical woman were exceffive, when fhe found Victoria was in the château where fhe fo fhortly expected to be joined by conte de Montfort; who, though entrapped by her artful blandifhments, ftill fighed for and idolized Victoria. The fight of her, therefore, Elvira well knew threatened deftruction to all her own fchemes relative to that weak and volatile young man, who was now the deareft object in the world to her, of whofe credulity fhe had taken every advantage; and by deceiving him with a plaufible ftory of Victoria's having retired for life into a convent, deftroyed every hope of his obtaining her, and at length lured him into her own toils.

Our heroine's name was no fecret to the domeftics of the château; and even could Elvira remove her from Montfort's fight, fhe could not hope to conceal from his knowledge her having been there: thus her deceptions would be difcovered, his hopes renewed, and her own for ever blafted. Love and jealoufy, in arms, led her to refolve upon fome defperate enterprife to crufh his hopes at once, and fave herfelf from the bitter pangs of difappointment; determining that not even the fame or happinefs of Victoria fhould be fpared in the attempt; and fo rapidly did the impetuofity of her paffions urge her on, that, in ftriving to fecure her young favourite to herfelf fhe braved the vengeance of conte Vicenza, nor feemed once to reflect how totally her crimes had placed her in his powe, or how unrelentingly he would purfue her to deftruction, fhould fhe prove the means of foiling his fchemes, and annihilating his hopes of obtaining Victoria.

With no other counfellor then, than her own invention, fhe arranged her plans, and only called in her familiars, Bianca and Maratti, to aflift in the execution of them. Determined to work upon the feelings of her fufceptible niece, to terrify her into a marriage that muft at once deftroy all Montfort's hopes, fhe firft ftrove to conciliate the too juftly eftranged affection of Victoria; then fabricated the ftory of Polydore's death, and Hippolyto's attainder.—Maratti procured the men to perfonate aflaffins, who were artfully thrown, with every alarming circumftance, in the way of the timid Rofelia, whom Maratti not once loft fight of, and who, as Elvira well conjectured, would, though unintentionally,

tentionally, prove a valuable auxiliary; and fearing the power and interference of the monks Anſelmo and Pierre, ſhould Victoria apply to them for advice or protection, Elvira thought it judicious to win them over to her intereſt, often having derived ready aſſiſtance from the venal brothers of the convent. But with all her art ſhe was not equal to a combat with the inflexible virtue of father Pierre; while with the placid Anſelmo ſhe ſeemed to ſucceed beyond her moſt ſanguine expectations. But Anſelmo not leſs firm in virtue than his brother Pierre, only ſeemed to enter into her plans to ſubvert them.

Anſelmo knew the ducheſſa di Manfredonia well; although the lapſe of many years, his change of name, of country, language, his overſhadowing cowl, ſecured the good, the juſt, the pious venerable Rinaldo from the recognition of his ſworn implacable enemy. Trembling for the fate of conte Arioſto's child, the good man affected the ſanctified villain; and promiſſing to aid her in all her vile machinations, he was ſent to win Hippolyto to her purpoſe.

The holy man, ſtrongly prepoſſeſſed in favour of that gallant young man, candidly unboſomed himſelf to him; and Orlando, equally pleaſed with the good monk, as frankly diſcloſed his ſuppoſed name and ſituation to him, his views upon Victoria's heart, and all the dangers ſhe had eſcaped, with thoſe that ſtill threatened her; when, after much deliberation, it was mutually agreed, that could Victoria, even by ſtratagem, be led into the intended marriage, it would be the ſafeſt aſylum from deſtruction which circumſtances now left open to her; ſince from the protection of a huſband, upon whom her guardian had beſtowed her, the machinations of enemies could not withdraw her; while at the ſame time, as it muſt in ſome degree be a compulſatory union upon lady Victoria's ſide, it would be ſtill in her power to cancel it at ſome future day, when her brother returned to guard her.

Anſelmo conveying to Elvira Hippolyto's ready aſſent to the propoſed marriage, he was allowed to return, though privately, with the monk to St. Lewis; and when Victoria's reluctant compliance was obtained, Anſelmo was ſummoned to the ducheſſa, to arrange with her every thing relative to the marriage; and upon his return to the convent he contrived to ſend that billet in the label to lull Victoria's fears, and give her courage to proceed.

It would be too bold an attempt for us to pourtray the feelings of Orlando upon that eventful morning when the hand of Victoria was united to his. The tumult of his mind was too powerful for our deſcription; and the tortures of uncertainty, although leſſened by the ſoft inſinuations of flattering hope, were almoſt too violent to be concealed from obſervation. But when he beheld the affecting trepidation of the lovely victim which perfidy beſtowed upon him; when he ſaw her amiable and delicate efforts to ſpare him the pangs of mortification; with difficulty could he reſtrain the impetuous impulſe which would have thrown him at her feet, there to acknowledge all of deception which circumſtances had led him to practiſe towards her; to avow his name, and plead for her pity and forgiveneſs. But prudence prevailed over the tenderneſs even of his feelings. He thought the moment not arrived that could releaſe him from his ſacred promiſe to Franciſco. He felt himſelf not out of the power of his enemies, while his dearer ſelf was encompaſſed by their toils; and not until ſhe was ſafely lodged at St. Marguerite's he had predetermined upon making the important

portant discovery to Victoria. However, the unexpected arrival of conte de Montfort changed at once his intentions. He knew full well the impetuosity and insolence of that young man's temper, with the ardency of his adoration of Victoria; and from all united he apprehended some unpleasant occurrences, ungenial to the delicacy of Victoria's feelings, degrading to her dignity, were she suffered to appear to him as the wife of the obscure Hippolyto, and with no other protection than such a friendless unknown alien could afford her.

The moment, therefore, that the wily Elvira closed the door upon him and the good Rinaldo, he hastened (finding the apartment he had retired to was a dressing-room, and suited for his purpose) to reassume his own complexion; and when, as conte di Urbino, he answered the envenomed summons of the duchessa 'to the husband of Victoria di Modena,' to appear, no pen can (at least ours cannot) pourtray the dismay and consternation of the diabolical Elvira. The infatuation of jealousy and passion was chased at once by the terror of conviction; for well she knew the fatal blow she had thus given to Polydore's views upon Victoria, by uniting her to him she believed his own son, was the inevitable fiat for her destruction. Immediately, therefore, she fled with her associates in guilt, Maratti and Bianca, to England, taking with her, for subsistence, the jewels, and a few other valuables she had with her in Provence. But in England she found not the tranquil asylum she sought for: appalled by conscious guilt, her crimes transformed every individual she met with, every thing she encountered, into objects to shrink from; even her own vile creatures were soon arrayed by her trembling fears in the terrible garb of perfidy. She roved from place to place, vainly striving to fly from justice, which still followed her in the miseries inflicted by her agonising apprehension; and in the course of a very few years, the accumulated horrors of her mind, aided by a continually broken rest, brought on a complication of almost every direful malady to which the human frame is incident. By piece-meal she at length expired in tortures so extreme, that, but for the magnitude of her crimes, the eye of pity must have wept for her; since, added to her bodily anguish, the catholic priest, to whom in her last moments she made her genuine confession, recoiling from the black catalogue, and under the influence of horror and indignation, which the dreadful recital but too justly inspired, even in the most direful terms refused her absolution, and sent her tortured and dismayed spirit shrieking to another world, there to meet from an unerring judge its final doom.

CHAP. LXXIV.

To account for some things contained in Orlando's address to Victoria, in the coach which conveyed them from Montfort's château to St. Marguerite's, we must lead our reader back for a few moments to the Pyrenean castle.

A few evenings preceding that on which Orlando was suffered to convey Victoria from don Manuel's castle, as he was roving through the aisles of the church for exercise, and in his own proper person still fondly hoping to meet our heroine, he suddenly saw a small ray of light gleam through the iron railing of the nave. Orlando had no fears, mental or personal, but those of the latter which prudence naturally inspired. The safety of his Victoria depended upon his escaping the detection of all don Manuel's people; and though he had been well assured that church was unknown to them, he thought it possible that means as unforeseen as those which conducted Victoria there might lead some dangerous person thither:

thither: he therefore thought it adviſeable to conceal himſelf, leſt it ſhould be ſo; while his curioſity ſtrongly prompted him to delay a little, and cautiouſly to obſerve the light, which, after ſeeming ſtationary for a length of time, ſuddenly diſappeared.

Orlando now determined to retire; when as ſuddenly the light again was ſeen much ſtronger than before. Orlando paused; the rays of light increaſed, though ſlowly; and at length broken ſighs and deep-drawn groans ſtruck upon his ear, at once arouſing pity, and ſtrongly arreſting his attention. In a moment more he beheld a knight, completely caſed in black armour, emerging from behind a ſhrine, and bearing in his hand a lamp. With tottering and uneven ſteps he ſlowly advanced towards the place of Orlando's concealment.—His viſor was off, and Orlando beheld a countenance ſo cadaverous, that it almoſt taught him ſuperſtitious fear; while, as the knight approached along the pavement, echo returned no ſound of footſteps to Orlando's ear, and he ſaw the knight's armour ſtained in many places with new-ſhed blood.

At length, as with downcaſt looks this ghaſtly figure moved along, he ſtruck againſt a pillar. The ſhock ſeemed to overpower him; he laid his lamp upon the ſlab of a monument, and reſted againſt a pillar for ſupport. Compaſſion delayed not to hear the voice of prudence: Orlando in an inſtant claſped the ſtranger in his arms, tenderly demanding wherein he could be of ſervice to him.—The lamp gleamed full upon our hero's face. The aſtoniſhed knight looked up, and uttering a cry partaking of ſurpriſe and horror, became at once ſenſeleſs in the ſupporting arms of Orlando.

The conſternation of this compaſſionate young man was now extreme. He doubted not but the ſtranger had been mortally wounded in a rencounter with ſome of don Manuel's people, and had by miracle been led to ſeek refuge in that ſecret place, and now was dying without aſſiſtance—for Orlando had nothing for his relief, and feared to leave him to go in queſt of any: but while in this dilemma, nature, by a ſucceſsful effort, reſtored the ſtranger's faculties; and at length opening his tearful eyes, he fixed them mournfully upon Orlando, while, in the hollow tone of ſickneſs, and the deep voice of ſorrow and deſpair, he ſpoke—

'Child of my abuſed benefactor! of my dreadfully injured friend! ceaſe this humanity to a wretch deſerving only thy contumely and abhorrence. Spurn me! revile me! but do not, do not, kindly treat me.'

'Compoſe yourſelf, I entreat you, ſir, and let me know how I can beſt be ſerviceable in a moment when you ſo greatly want aſſiſtance,' ſaid Orlando benignly, and graſping him with encreaſed fervour—finding by the ſtranger's movements, he meant to ſhrink from his approaching arms to the ground.

'Orlando,' replied Elfridii wildly; for this black knight, who had terrified Victoria in the library and on the ſtairs, was no other than Elfridii, who, though long conſidered by Pedro as convaleſcent, was often by debility of frame, after ſevere penances and terrible retroſpect, led back to the dreadful confines of inſanity, if not quite to the calamity of actual derangement, when ſtrange fantaſtic fancies would poſſeſs him of aſſuming in every reſpect both the appearance and character of thoſe contrite ſinners he had heard or read of, whoſe repentance and inflictions he was indefatigably inflicting; amongſt whom was a black knight, whoſe crimes had been as enormous, and whoſe contrition had been as profound, as Elfridii's own; and as his penances had

had been the moſt ſevere this wretched man had ever heard of, this black knight of the creſcent, then, was the being he oſteneſt fancied himſelf to be, and in the aſſumed dreſs and appearance of whom he had alarmed many of the captives as effectually as he did our heroine, whom he purpoſely chaſed from the library to avail himſelf of the trap-door, or retreat to the vaults beneath; while the terror he occaſioned her on the ſtairs was merely accidental, when, upon hearing her approach, he put on his viſor, which reſembled the face of a ſkeleton. The reaſon why no echo of his footſteps could be heard was, that he never omitted to wear in the caſtle ſhoes ſoled with ſuch a ſoft ſubſtance, that in his inviſible rounds he was alſo unheard, and, when ſeen, no ſound could lead purſuers to trace him to his cell.—'Orlando, child of the murdered Viola!' ſaid Elfridii, 'you whom I have bereſt of birthright, of every hope and comfort under heaven, ſupport me not; foſter not the wily ſerpent that has inſinuated his baleful poiſon through the vitals of thy whole race. Shrink from my noxious touch, and daſh me to that earth which I have polluted with my crimes moſt horrible.'

'If you have injured me,' replied Orlando, 'it is unknown to me; and in a moment like this, believe me, I only wiſh to learn how I may moſt effectually aſſiſt you.'

'If I have injured you!' Elfridii reiterated, 'if I have injured you!—Oh that there was a doubt! Look, ſee, behold theſe wounds, this blood, inflicted, ſhed by my own guilty hands, ſtruggling if poſſible, by mortal means to expiate ſome of my direful crimes committed againſt Heaven and thee! Then pity me not; but hate me, ſpurn me! ſpurn me!'

'Mortality prompted you to ſin, but Heaven alone could inſpire repentance ſuch as yours; and dare I, a worm, an atom, withhold my pardon and aſſiſtance from him whom the Almighty has pitied and reclaimed?' ſaid Orlando, with energy.—'Be comforted, good ſire; cheer up, and teach me where to lead you.—Let me ſupport you! Let the ſon of him you called your friend, guided by the hand of peace, lead you to your couch, there ſmooth your pillow, and, under the auſpicies of both my bleſſed parents' approving influence, gain for you, by my beſt ſervices and wiſhes, a ſweet and calm repoſe.'

'Oh God omnipotent!' exclaimed the before feeble Elfridii, ſtarting, by an exertion ſcarcely human, from Orlando's graſp, and dropping upon his knees, 'thy ways how merciful, how inſcrutable! This boy, this forgiving angel, thou haſt inſpired and guided hither to hear my horrible confeſſion; to receive from me all the attonement now, alas! in my power to make.' He aroſe from his knees with firmneſs. Orlando regarded him with awful attention.

'Follow, moſt amiable, moſt injured youth, the implacable deſtroyer of thy fainted mother, the perfidious friend of thy ineſtimable father, the baneful enemy of thy illuſtrious race. Follow, as Heaven directs thee, to my cell, there to receive papers invaluable to thee. They will lead thee to wealth and honours, to a father, whom even you, good and virtuous as you are, will kneel to with exulting pride.'

'Gracious Providence! does my father indeed live? Am I ſo bleſt to claim kindred with the good, and am I not the nephew and dependent of the villanous Vicenza?' exclaimed Orlando, panting for breath, and well conjecturing this man to be the myſterious guardian of Matilda and himſelf, whom from time to time he had gathered ſome vague accounts of from Franciſco.

'Your father's rank is amongſt the moſt honourable of men; his

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ſtation amongſt the higheſt of the Neapolitan nobility. With Vicenza you claim no kindred; he is a baſe uſurper, vile as myſelf. Orlando! oh look not thus ſo like thy angel mother, whom———'

The ſound of haſty footſteps now ſtruck upon their ears. Orlando, turning to learn by whoſe approach they were interrupted, beheld Franciſco.

'Theodore!' he exclaimed in breathleſs agitation, 'you have outſtaid your time. One moment more, Gonzalvo will be in your dungeon, and all your hopes deſtroyed for ever.'

'Oh, how unfortunate!' exclaimed Orlando. 'In what a moment am I compelled to go, juſt when about to obtain all that important knowledge my anxious heart has ſo long, ſo ardently panted for!'

'Gaſſendi,' ſaid Elfridii, 'though you tear him from me now, you muſt by all our former friendſhip bring him to my cell to-morrow.—My eternal welfare depends upon my confiding ſome ſecrets to his boſom. *Theodore*,' he continued, and impreſſively he ſpoke the word *Theodore*, 'farewell! Repeat no word, no appellation I have uttered, no, not even to *Sebaſtian*; and come to me to-morrow.'

Orlando, informing Franciſco how weak and ill conte Elfridii was, took a reluctant leave; and with a heart ſwollen with diſappointed hope, haſtened to change his appearance, and returned to his dungeon in time to eſcape diſcovery.

Franciſco congratulating himſelf upon having arrived ſo opportunely to prevent the diſcloſure of any circumſtance he wiſhed our hero ſtill to remain in ignorance of, led the agitated and languid Elfridii to his cell; where, with all the artful rhetoric he was maſter of, he ſtrove to poſſeſs himſelf of thoſe ſecrets Elfridii had been about to reveal to his *protégé*—but in vain; the ſubtile, though penitent, and often deranged conte, aware of the great partiality this verſatile man felt for his lately diſcovered ſon, feared to confide in him ſuch important ſecrets as the rank and injuries of the ſuppoſed Sebaſtian, Orlando, and Matilda. But obdurate as Elfridii proved to the wiſhes of Franciſco, the artful monk appeared not ſo to his, when he fervently implored him, as he valued the eternal peace of a dying friend, to contrive the means for Sebaſtian's conveying a packet in ſafety from him to the pontiff at Rome.

Franciſco offered to be himſelf the bearer of the packet; but, upon Elfridii's informing him that the ultimate welfare of his ſoul depended upon Sebaſtian's and only Sebaſtian's, delivering the papers in queſtion into his holineſs's own hands, Franciſco ſeemed to acquieſce, and unheſitatingly promiſed to do every thing within his power to forward his important wiſhes; while he ſecretly determined, could Sebaſtian's leaving the caſtle be ſafely accompliſhed, to accompany him; and by ſome inquiſitorial manœuvring, to poſſeſs himſelf of the packet; and, influenced by its contents, to act as ſhould conduce moſt to the advantage of don Manuel, without further injury to others. Thus reſolved, Franciſco haſtened to his ſon with a plauſible ſtory of inquiſitorial buſineſs calling him from the caſtle, of which Sebaſtian's knowledge of the Hebrew and living Oriental languages was wanted and demanded by the holy office; and that he was authoriſed to promiſe, that no evil conſequences ſhould accrue to don Manuel or his adherents from this ſhort abſence of Sebaſtian, who, attended throughout by a guard from the office, would have no means to eſcape or do miſchief.

Franciſco knew that, under the idea of its being the command of the inquiſition

inquiſition, the demanded leave of abſence for Sebaſtian muſt be complied with; but had no conception of its being, as it was, ſo graciouſly and unconditionally acceded to;—not, gentle reader, out of fear or reſpect, but from a ſtronger motive which actuated don Manuel, overpowered his uſual prudence, and taught him almoſt to diſcover joy at the propoſition. The abſence of Franciſco was at that period what he moſt ardently wiſhed for; and, during the time he was informed this buſineſs muſt take up, he doubted not but he ſhould be able to diſcover the aſylum of Matilda, and to trepan her into his power.

To prevent Orlando from ſeeking out means for obtaining another interview with Elfridii, Franciſco informed him, that his myſterious guardian, after due conſideration, had determined upon confiding in Sebaſtian only, whom in a few days ſubſequent he meant to ſend to Rome with important diſpatches to his holineſs; whither Orlando muſt haſten, after having placed Victoria in a ſafe aſylum, and where he ſhould, by Sebaſtian, be reſtored to his father and honourable ſociety. Franciſco too, fearing that, under the idea of that relationſhip which the awful viſions of Orlando and Matilda pointed to, our hero might become importunate for taking Matilda under his own protection, now told him, that Elfridii had at length confeſſed he knew not that any relationſhip exiſted between his wards, and that he firmly believed Matilda to be an orphan, whoſe parents were both dead; but poſſibly the father of Orlando might ſolve the myſtery.

Our reader is now acquainted with the reaſons Orlando had for ſuppoſeing the embaſſy of Sebaſtian to Rome was to place him in a ſituation that could claim alliance with the houſe of Ariſto; and anxious to emerge from all that myſtery (ſo ungenial to his nature) which had hitherto enveloped him, he had determined upon ſeeking Sebaſtian at Rome, as ſoon as ſignora Farinelli ſhould arrive at St. Marguerite's to comfort and protect his beloved charge. But the dreadful and unequivocal revolution, ſo unpropitious to his hopes of happineſs, which with grief and diſmay he evidently ſaw her ſentiments undergo during the little journey from the château to St. Margeurite's, which he attributed in ſome degree to the dictates of prudence, awakened by theſe ſuſpicions his uncandid and myſterious appearance muſt create, led him to reſolve upon not allowing any conſideration to delay one inſtant his intended journey; and after ſolemnly giving Victoria into the care of the amiable prioreſs of St. Marguerite's, and in full confidence of father Pierre having a vigilant eye over her ſafety, he with venerable Anſelmo, began his journey to Rome, attended by all that bitter anguiſh which the changed manner of Victoria, ſo chilling to all his fond hopes of happineſs, had inflicted; and proving himſelf a dolorous companion to the reverend monk, they had reached Piſa on their way to Rome, where intelligence awaited Orlando which overwhelmed him with new afflictions.

In a few evenings after the eſcape of our heroine from the Pyrenean caſtle, as Lorenzo ſat muſing in his chamber with a heart torn by tender anxiety for the fate of the beloved fugitives, Elfridii, in the already deſcribed dreſs of the black knight of the creſcent, and with a common viſor on, ſuddenly appeared before the amazed duca. In viſible agitation he laid a packet upon the table where the elbow of his injured friend reſted, and without ſpeaking as ſuddenly diſappeared.

The moment Lorenzo's ſurprize permitted him, he took up this myſteriously-delivered packet, to examine it; when who can pourtray the diſ-

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ferent feelings that ſhook his agitated boſom when he beheld its ſuperſcription in the well-known characters of his ſtill beloved friend! of whoſe perfidy, our reader knows, no ſuſpicion had ever been led to his breaſt. Lorenzo could ſcarcely believe the evidence of his ſenſes:—was it poſſible that he ſaw the writing of Elfridii? once more beheld a packet directed to 'Lorenzo duca di Manfredonia?' Lorenzo wept for joy. And what a tumult were all the tender feelings of his ſoul worked into when his trepidation allowed him to break the ſeal, and he diſcovered a packet enclоſed for his holineſs, and in the envelope theſe words from the pen of Elfridii:—

'As you would eſcape from deſtruction, betray not your recognition of my writing. Be impenetrably ſilent reſpecting all knowledge of me.—You leave this accurſed caſtle to-morrow, never to return to it.—Entruſt no ſecret to the companion of your journey, and, as you value your ſafety, let not your name tranſpire. But, as your piety ſhall teach you to eſtimate the eternal ſalvation of a repentant ſinner, preſerve the incloſed as the moſt precious depoſit the world can give you; nor part with it until you deliver it *yourſelf* into the pointiff's own hand. It will, oh Lorenzo! it will lead you to liberty—to honourable ſociety—to your amiable offſpring—to all of happineſs that a perfidious friend, the moſt accurſed of vilians, has left for you!

The agitation of Lorenzo's ſuſceptible mind kept him walking all night: he ſought not his couch, nor once thought of repoſe; and in the morning, when Franciſco appeared to tell him the moment for his departure was arrived, and that he was to be the companion of his journey, the aſtoniſhed duca, oppreſſed and almoſt ſubdued by contending ſenſations, was ſcarcely equal to the taſk aſſigned him. However, he ſtruggled hard to call forth all the powers of his mind to ſuſtain him through the almoſt agoniſing conflict of hopes and fears, of doubts and amazement; and with Franciſco he ſet out, attended by two officials, upon this important journey.

Franciſco knew from Elfridii that he had himſelf delivered this myſterious packet to the ſuppoſed Sebaſtian; but had no conception that any other motive than a high idea of Sebaſtian's integrity had induced his making him the bearer of this important truſt, which he had ſome (to our reader immaterial) reaſons for determining not to attempt poſſeſſing himſelf of until they ſhould enter the pope's dominions.

This packet was not that which afterwards was ſo providentially confided to Victoria's care. This was merely a letter from Elfridii, who had once been the pointiff's moſt cheriſhed friend, entreating his holineſs by their former friendſhip immediately to ſecure the perſon of the bearer from every poſſible reach of treachery, and to have him treated with the utmoſt reſpect and humanity. To detain by his ſpecial authority Franciſco Gaſſendi and his attendants at Rome; and to cut off all communication and correſpondence between them and every individual, while his holineſs ſhould diſpatch a legate to the Obſervantine monaſtry at Cadaques, with orders to be conducted from thence to the cave of father Franciſ, where the legate ſhould then receive his (Elfridii's) momentous confeſſions, of the utmoſt importance to many innocent individuals, and to ſociety in general.

Lorenzo, Franciſco, and their attendants, travelled from Spain through France and part of Italy without accident of any kind, and as expeditiouſly as poſſible, until in going from Genoa towards Lucca their carriage was overturned, by which accident Franciſco received ſo ſevere a concuſſion, that he

he was confined for ſome time at a convent near Lucca; by which means an expreſs reached him much ſooner than it otherwiſe could have done, from a convent at Junquera, where he had placed Matilda (ſecretly he believed) a few hours previous to his leaving home; and though ſcarcely recovered, he inſtantly ſet out with Sebaſtian and attendants for Piſa, from whence he determined to embark for Spain.

(To be continued.)

The Myſterious Recluſe. *(Continued from Page 526.)*

'MY friend was the ſon of a reſpectable man, but rigid and ceremonious. Being the only child, he was ſubjected to a courſe of education, which was intended by his father for the beſt, but which would have extinguiſhed for ever all the freedom of his mind, had he not poſſeſſed a power of reſiſtance ſuperior to the tyrannical oppreſſion of unnatural maxims and precepts. Among other things his tutor was particularly careful to keep him from all intercourſe with our ſex. He was never permitted to be alone with a female, whether of mature age, or in the years of childhood. He was even cut off from the affection of his mother, that, as his father uſed to ſay, he might become ſo much the more virtuous a man. The conſequence of this education was, that at an age when boys and girls commonly feel a kind of averſion to each other, my friend, unknown to his parents and teachers, had already a ſecret attachment. The female who had kindled this flame in his youthful heart was but a child, as well as himſelf, but a child of ſuch quickneſs of apprehenſion, that ſhe underſtood his paſſion as perfectly as her French grammar. The houſes of their parents were very near each other. A brother of the extraordinary girl, whom my friend was allowed to viſit, afforded him an opportunity of ſeeing her, but only in company; and when the youth had attained the age of fifteen and his miſtreſs that of fourteen years, they had contrived to find more than one favourable opportunity for ſecretly concerting the plan of their future marriage.

'A ſeparation of two years which my friend was obliged to paſs under the care of a tutor at a diſtant ſeminary, without paying a ſingle viſit to his family during that interval, had not weakened the reciprocal attachment of the enthuſiaſtic pair. An interview of an hour was ſufficient to bind them anew to each other for years. A ſecret correſpondence alſo was now kept up between them.

'This correſpondence was continued till my friend was ſent, in his eighteenth year, to the univerſity of Göttengen. About this time the young man's deſires began to be more ardent. Though he remained faithful in thought to his Frederica, yet thoughts were not ſufficient for him. He made acquaintances among his fellow-ſtudents who were all older than himſelf. He ſoon found means to deceive his tutor, who tormented him with ſtudies. He firſt paſſed whole hours and then whole evenings in jovial companies, having at length gained this point, that the man who ſtood in the way of his pleaſures, durſt not complain to his father, for fear of loſing a place of which he was in expectation, that he found himſelf unable to govern the young gentleman according to the ſtrict injunctions of the parent. Fortunately for my friend his jolly companions were only wild and not depraved; ſo that, notwithſtanding the extravagances in which he indulged, his heart remained uncorrupted. Meanwhile he had occaſion for a paſſion that ſhould afford him ſomething more than imaginary enjoyment, and this he found, becauſe he ſought it.

A paſſion which a perſon ſeeks, laſts, I have been told, no longer than till he feels inclined to go in queſt of a new one; and this is ſaid in general to take place in a very ſhort time. But by this inconſtant roving my friend, as he aſſures me, became more ſtrongly attached to Frederica; for after every deviation his heart reverted to her, and the reproaches with which his conſcience puniſhed his infidelity, convinced him that conſtancy alone could make him happy.

'My friend's father was ſtill a ſtranger to his ſon's ſecret paſſion. The ceremonious gravity which pervaded every thing about him, kept his family in ignorance of many things which were the common talk of the whole town. At the ſame time he maintained a kind of connection which nobody could comprehend with the family of which his ſon's miſtreſs was a member. Nothing farther was known reſpecting it, than that the two families lived on the beſt footing; and yet my friend's father being once in a company when an acquaintance, though not at all in the ſecret, propoſed Frederica as a ſuitable match for his ſon, he flew into the moſt violent paſſion, and with furious vehemence declared, he would rather folly his ſon to the grave, than conſent to ſuch an union. My friend was preſent on the occaſion. The circumſtance not only made him more cautious, but alſo render him more anxious reſpecting futurity. The obſtinacy of his father was, as he well knew, a metal that defied every attempt to work it.

'What cautious prudence had been whole years in concealing, was betrayed by careleſsneſs in a ſingle moment. My friend, previous to his ſetting out on a little tour from Göttingen, had ſent by poſt in one envelope, two letters, one to his father and the other to the brother of his miſtreſs, and had by miſtake changed the direction. An unſuſpected ſummons from his father, led him to conjecture that ſomething of importance muſt have occurred. He travelled in all haſte to his father's, and on his arrival, a ſingle ſentence made him acquainted with his fate. Diſinheritance and the curſe of his father were to be his lot unleſs he immediately renounced the female to whom he had vowed fidelity. He begged to know the reaſons of ſuch a command. The will of his father was aſſigned as a ſufficient reaſon, and thrown in his way as a rock which no effort, no entreaty were capable of moving. My friend who had not inherited a portion of his father's obſtinacy for nothing, was equally peremptory in refuſing to break his word. Neither threats nor promiſes could obtain the required renunciation. The utmoſt that he would at length concede, was the promiſe not to marry Frederica without his father's conſent; but with this the old man ſeemed by no means perfectly ſatisfied.

'A melancholy period now commenced for my friend. Frederica's mother, who had lately been left a widow, and who had ſuſpected as little as his father what ſhe was not intended to know, forbade him her houſe. He was ſent back to Göttengen, and his miſtreſs was removed to another reſidence; but the place of her retreat was kept a profound ſecret from him

'Frederica's brother, whoſe attachment to my friend outweighed his obedience to the commands of his mother, at length yielded to his entreaties, and undertook to renew the correſpondence between the ſeparated pair. As ſoon as my friend was made acquainted with the abode of his miſtreſs, no conſideration was powerful enough to reſtrain him from the execution of a romantic, but happy thought. He provided himſelf with money ſufficient for half a year, eſcaped from his tutor, and aſſuming another name, travelled in diſguiſe to

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the place where Frederica reſided with ſome diſtant relations, who had never ſeen him. He wrote to his father, that, diſſatisfied with his ſituation, he ſhould turn recluſe for a few months, but that in due time he would again make his appearance. That he might be perfectly ſecure, he remained almoſt a month concealed in Hamburgh. During this time, as he had expected, ſtrict enquiries had been ſet on foot for him at the country-ſeat in Holſtein, where Frederica reſided. After it had been reported, in anſwer to thoſe inquiries that no ſuch perſon as my friend had been ſeen in that part of the country, he ventured to proceed to Holſtein. His fluency in the Engliſh language, enabled him to paſs with ſucceſs for an Engliſhman. Aſſuming that character, he took a lodging at a farmhouſe in the village, not far from Frederica's reſidence, under the pretext of gratifying a melancholy humour. He ſoon became the ſubject of converſation, and people wiſhed to become acquainted with the eccentric ſtranger. They did become acquainted with him, after he had, with difficulty, contrived to get a note delivered to his miſtreſs. He received an invitation which he accepted, and acted his part to admiration. The invitation was repeated, and he ſoon brought it ſo far, that out of extraordinary complaiſance, which was returned with the warmeſt thanks, he gave the girl of his heart inſtruction in the Engliſh language.

'So ample a reward for the pains of ſeparation my friend had not expected, when he ſet out on his adventure. His partiality for his fair pupil could no more remain unnoticed than her inclination for him. But what under other circumſtances would probably have been taken amiſs, was now regarded with a favourable eye by the protectors of Frederica. They joiced to ſee the man to whom her ſtranger, from whom ſhe might, it was ſuppoſed, be withdrawn, in time, if this new paſſion ſhould ſtrike too deep root. The triumph of my friend was announced to Frederica's mother with exultation.

'This interval of happineſs continued ſo long, and afforded my friend ſuch manifold, and yet innocent pleaſures, that he afterwards gave it the appellation of his golden age. Each day, as he ſaid witneſſed the confirmation of a covenant that had long before been concluded. Nothing embittered his happineſs but filial ſolicitude for his father. He received information, in a circuitous way, that the already infirm health of the old man was daily declining. The uneaſineſs of his conſcience got the better of prudence. My friend entruſted one of his friends at Göttingen with his ſecret, and wrote through him to his father, but without mentioning the place of his abode. The latter returned an anſwer through the ſame channel. It was conceived in terms ſo unuſually tender that the ſon immediately wrote again. This was juſt what the father wanted. As my friend's acquaintance at Göttingen was incapable of treachery, the wily father applied to the poſt-office in that town, at the ſame time ſending the direction of a letter in his ſon's handwriting, and eaſily obtained information from what a place a letter in the ſame hand had come.

'My friend ought to relate the circumſtances to you himſelf to give you an idea of his feelings, when he, the pretended Engliſhman, who went by the name of mr. Williams, heard himſelf ſaluted, in a harſh voice, by his real name, one afternoon, when familiarly ſeated by the ſide of his Frederica. It was no other than his fa. himſelf, who ſurpriſed him with a viſit. The effects of this viſit, the ſcenes which it occaſioned, and the conſequences which reſulted from it,

undutiful ſon, as he was called, though he had not broken his promiſe, was dragged away like a malefactor, and the wretched victim, his Frederica, was attacked with a mortal diſeaſe. The obdurate father was immoveable in the exerciſe of his parental authority, and not leſs immoveable was the ſon in refuſing obedience where he did not conceive himſelf bound to obey.

'What menaces and commands were incapable of effecting, was, however, brought about by qualms of conſcience and pity. The old man's ſoul had long been a ſtranger to violent emotions. No ſooner had he reached home with his ſon, than he ſunk again upon a ſick bed, from which he had been rouſed by the united force of anxiety and indignation. The phyſicians declared him to be in a critical ſtate. The ſeeming agony of death with which he ſeemed to ſtruggle whenever he looked at his ſon, at length prevailed upon the latter to give a new promiſe, not only that he would never marry Frederica without his father's conſent, but that he would do all that lay in his power to wean himſelf from her, and her from him. After this promiſe my friend's father delivered to him a ſealed packet, which he was to open in caſe the old man died, and to return if he recovered. He did recover, and received back his packet; and my friend, who ſeriouſly intended to keep his word, ſet out on his travels.

'In England, in France, and in Switzerland, this martyr to filial ſubjection ſought to retrieve his loſt happineſs and his blaſted hopes. He formed a philoſophy of diſſipation which he practiſed two whole years. Diſſipated from deſpair, he graſped at pleaſures, which according to his peculiar ſentiments, he was deſtined to deſpiſe. In this endleſs circle of novelty and variety, he neither heard nor ſaw anything of his Frederica. She continued near his heart, but was eſtanged from his thoughts. He never recollected her but with ſorrow and affection; but days ſometimes paſſed on which her image did not once preſent itſelf to his mind.

'The attempts that were made to withdraw the heart of the faithful Frederica from her lover, were not ſo ſucceſsful. She peremptorily rejected every propoſal to become the wife of another. She would cheerfully have promiſed never to marry, but reſolved to be united to none except the man of her choice.

'My friend returned from his travels, and the cure which he had begun by diſſipation he was now required to complete by attention to buſineſs. His father had deſigned to form him for a diplomatical poſt, and for the affairs connected with it, he was to be prepared under the ſuperintendance of an experienced politician. But the intelligence of the invariable attachment of his Frederica, rendered him totally unfit for buſineſs, and he told his father that he muſt abſolutely travel for another year, before he could apply to it. The father, fearful of a relapſe, was once more neceſſitated to comply. It was ſoon after this that my friend became acquainted with my brother, and accompanied him to our houſe with the intention of proceeding to Vienna.

'Of that part of his hiſtory which here commences, he had no occaſion to give me a full account. So much the more important was the other half relating to the continuance of his love for Frederica. Whatever his ideas might have been on his firſt acquaintance with me, the thought of an indiſſoluble union terrified his conſcience and revived his former attachment. The forced relish for the diſſipations by which my brother had learned to know him wore off when, as he expreſſed himſelf, he grew good with me. For the ſame reaſon, he again

again kept a ſtricter watch over his heart. He even thought it his duty to inform Frederica of his new attachment. At a time when nobody apprehended any ſuch thing, a ſecret correſpondence again commenced between them: and on this account it was that his humour was governed ſo exactly by the departure and the arrival of the poſt.

'He had long been undetermined whether he ſhould ſuffer me to take part in the conflict in which he was engaged with himſelf. He was afraid, and with good reaſon that I ſhould ſide with his firſt attachment againſt myſelf. He tried another expedient. He procured a third perſon to inform Frederica that he was as good as betrothed to me, and even acquainted his father with part of his wiſhes in regard to me. His father though a zealous proteſtant, moſt joyfully conſented to his union with me. Both theſe circumſtances ſurprized my friend. He had expected Frederica would load him with reproaches, and that his father would throw difficulties in his way. Soon afterwards he received intelligence that an offer made to Frederica had not been poſitively rejected. All this confirmed him in the reſolution to continue to keep his ſecret from me, and to try, by means of a longer ſtay with us, whether it would be poſſible to be made happy by the fulfilment of his firſt wiſh, now that he was no longer able, as he ſuppoſed, to ſuppreſs the ſecond.

'The cloſer my friend's intimacy grew with me, the more firmly he was convinced, he ſaid, that he could not poſſiby live without me. What gave him the greateſt uneaſineſs, was that he heard no farther tidings of the offer which had not been rejected by Frederica. From this circumſtance he concluded, but falſely, as you will preſently hear, that ſhe waited only for him in order to take the ſecond ſtep. His heart nevertheleſs reproached him as often as he felt diſpoſed to take the firſt. This was too complicated a buſineſs to be arranged by letters. He determined to ſee and hear, and, if poſſible, to ſpeak once more to Frederica. He ſuppoſed that in three months at lateſt every thing would have been ſettled.

'I have told you how I drew the long concealed ſecret from his agitated ſoul, at the moment when he announced to me his intended departure. He had not calculated upon this accident, and again became uneaſy and confuſed. He knew me. The fear of loſing me rendered him blind to the conſequences of an inconſiderate ſtep, and that but ill accorded with the delicacy which I had diſcovered in him, and without which I could not poſſibly have loved him. He reſolved to pledge his honour, in order to bind his heart; he therefore haſtened before he had time to cool, to my guardian, and ſolicited my hand.

'Scarcely had he returned home and obtained an interview with Frederica, when the whole weight of his injuſtice and precipitancy fell with aggravated force upon him. Frederica received him with tranquil reſignation. The propoſal which had made her appear unfaithful to him, had never been ſerious. She had purpoſely concerted it to ſee how the intelligence would operate on my friend. To find that he was unable to repreſs his joy on the occaſion, was the ſevereſt ſtroke ſhe had yet experienced. She was drowned in tears when nobody ſaw her. She pined ſo viſibly that my friend was frightened when he beheld her again. She calmly relinquiſhed all her claims, congratulated him on his new proſpects and his reconciliation with his father and when he was going to ſeize her hand, haſtily withdrew into another room, where, as he heard, ſhe fainted away.

'Ah! my poor friend; who ſuffered moſt, you or ſhe againſt whom

you had tranſgreſſed?—He told me that for a conſiderable time, he was not maſter of his ſenſes. Languiſhing between happineſs and miſery, he ſtood upon burning ground, unable to turn either to the right or to the left. Had ſhe, whom he was about to deſert but made him a ſingle reproach! But no; not even the ſatisfaction of a meditated juſtification was afforded him. Half reſolved to relieve himſelf with a piſtol from this inſupportable ſenſation, he hurried home. Before he reached his room, he was met by his father, with whoſe knowledge he had paid this viſit to Frederica. The old man beckoned and called to him, but my friend paying no attention ruſhed paſt him up the ſtairs. His father followed him, and an explanation enſued. For the firſt time my friend beheld his father ſhed tears. He felt ſomewhat relieved, and thinking this an opportunity of which he ought to avail himſelf, he renounced all farther connection with me, and begged permiſſion to make Frederica happy. Notwithſtanding his tears, the father was inexoroable, and informed the ſon, with the ſtermneſs of an executioner, that all the neceſſary preparations were now made for removing Frederica from his ſight for ever. My friend ſprang like a maniac, vowing inſtantly to annihiliate all theſe preparations. The father placed himſelf at the door to oppoſe his exit. A ſcene revolting to the nobleſt feelings of humanity would perhaps have enſued between the father and ſon, but for the opening of the door at the moment, and the entrance of two perſons whom my friend did not expect. Theſe were his mother, an excellent woman, but who, on other occaſions had no voice in family affairs, and the mother of Frederica.

'The former threw herſelf into the arms of her ſon, and the latter delivered to him a letter. My friend opened it, read and read it again, and was ſcarcely able to ſupport himſelf. It contained a formal renunciation of him by Frederica, accompanied with a vow, never to ſee him more, and the aſſurance that were he even to return to her, he could not make her happy. She begged him by obedience to his father, and fidelty to his new miſtreſs, to afford her the conſolation of having contributed ſomething toward his felicity and that of his family.

'It is poſſible that it was not this renunciation which again directed my friend's thoughts to me. But, at the moment when it produced its firſt effect, it abated the flames of paſſion, which threatened to deſtroy the recollection of me in the mind of my friend. Deeply effected, he obſerved a profound ſilence, which was interrupted by his father. He held up Frederica's conduct to him as an example, and contraſted her fortitude with his weakneſs. 'Hitherto,' ſaid he, 'in your oppoſition I have recognized my ſon. I have excuſed your diſobedience, becauſe I could not diſcloſe the reaſons why I muſt not, and as I am a man of honour and your father never will conſent to a connection between you and Frederica. You ought to have believed that theſe reaſons muſt be very weighty becauſe they fix my determination ſo irrevocably. But I know how difficult it is to take reaſons upon credit; this made me pity but not deſpiſe you. From ignorance you perſiſted in your way, as I did, from a more intimate acquaintance with circumſtances, in mine. You were true to one female; but now you are promiſed to two brides. You can no longer tell me that your paſſion is invincible. Now the wiſhes of your father coincide with thoſe which you have yourſelf acknowledged. If I am again to find in you my ſon, and not the puſillanimous wretch who changes his mind every day, fulfil your promiſe at leaſt on the one hand. Make amends for your diſgraceful injuſtice

in the only way you can. Or will you, of your own accord, desert the second; in the same manner as you were obliged, against your will to forsake the first?—But is not that a ring which I see on your finger?'

'It was a ring of my hair, made in memory of a very remarkable hour. When my friend, struck by his father's question, cast his eyes upon the ring, another power glowed, as he expressed it, within his soul. He earnestly begged to be left by himself. His request was complied with. He locked his door, firmly resolved not to leave the room till he had come to a final determination, and to carry this without farther consideration into effect, let the consequences be what they might.'

(To be continued.)

The Gamesters. (Continued from page 546.

AMNITOR TO LORENZO.

Newgate, August 25, 1758.

LORENZO! the portion of Amintor is for ever fixed! Infamy and death have seized me, as it were already; and punishments, eternal punishments, await me at the grave! The united horrors of the past, the present, and the future, are more than I can bear. They have roused me, Lorenzo, from my guilty slumbers, and banished a delusive dream! For myself I fear the discovery is made too late—Not so, I trust, for my surviving friends. Allow me not to die in vain! May Lycus and yourself (or rather may the world in general) take warning by my fate! The language of a dying man, however simple and inelegant, however wild and inconsistent, may merit some attention. In this hope, distracted as I am, I have resolved to write to you; I have resolved to censure, to admonish, to condemn you. It is the only shadow of atonement, the only token of repentance now left within my power; the only act of friendship I can henceforth shew to you, and perhaps it is the truest I have ever shewn. I must, I will attempt it, though my senses very nigh fail me. Pardon me, Lorenzo, if I speak unwelcome truths; the priviledge of anxious friendship will justify my freedom. Allow me, then, at once to own to you how deeply I am now impressed with a sense of our past conduct. Allow me further to excite in you a like abhorence of it. Lonely, comfortless, guilty, and condemned, bereft of every former subterfuge of company, of wine, and laughter, I have found myself at length compelled to listen to those cries of conscience which we have so often (but so painfully) suppressed together. Believe me, Lorenzo, in spite of every effort they will finally be heard; the gloomy terrors of approaching death will force us to regard them; they have driven me at length, reluctant as I was, to look into myself, and I shuddered at my own deformities. I linger through this tedious night (for though it be the latest of my life, my sufferings must make it tedious); nor can I bear it to continue, nor dare I wish it to conclude. The guilty tenor of our ill-spent lives, the criminal transactions in which we have consented are crowding all at once on my distracted memory; they are passing at this moment in terrible review before me, and bring with them a full conviction of the first, the real cause of them. I see it, Lorenzo, in my early childhood—the afflicted spirit of an injured father upbraids me, as it were, with parricide; and loads the very infancy of gaming with the deepest curses of a parent. Happy had it been for you, Lorenzo, had our infamy ceased at the time of my expulsion; it received indeed, a temporary interruption by your longer continuance at school, as well as by the subsequent removal of yourself and Lycus to the university of C———. Still I fear during both these periods

the

the ſame infatuated ſpirit kept pace with your advancing years, in ample proportion to your power of indulging it. For my own part I advanced more rapidly in the ſame deſtructive courſe: deprived of that firſt happineſs, the ſalutary guidance of a father's counſel, the kind reſtrictions of his juſt authority, the benefit of his experience, and the bleſſings of his friendſhip (deprived of it moreover, through a flagrant inſtance of my own unworthineſs,) I yielded to the ſullen dictates of deſpair and ſhame; and madly flew for refuge to that very vice which already had betrayed me in the maſk of pleaſure. When you left the univerſity, Lorenzo, you found me (as you well remember) in the capital, you found me at that time, unhappily for you, initiated, engaged, nay hardened, in a regular and deſperate indulgence of my former paſſion; it had gained the moſt abſolute aſcendency over me, and was become, in a word, my profeſſion. I was able, for the moſt part, to procure a competent but wretched ſubſiſtence by ſuperior ſkill, or rather knavery, in the practice of it, though doubtleſs I have felt moſt bitterly the complicated horrors of diſtreſs, hunger, and deſpair; I experienced, no doubt, repeatedly the oppoſite extremes of merited poverty and unmerited affluence; nor is the latter, I can truly ſay, productive of more real comfort than the former; perhaps it is ſtill leſs conducive to our real happineſs. Tormented with the fear of loſing my ill-gotten gains, diſtracted at the real loſs of them, ſolicitous to retrieve the paſt, or ambitious to increaſe the preſent, I never had an eaſy moment. It was thus, Lorenzo, that you found me at the period above mentioned; at the ſame period how different a proſpect lay open to your view! you were then advancing into ſerious life, entitled to its higheſt honours, and fitted for its firſt enjoyments; for although you had, indeed, already entered on the ſame criminal and dangerous career, your embarraſſments, as yet, were eaſily removable by the ample fortune which you one day would inherit; and all the imprudences, and even vices which you hitherto had been guilty of might ſtill have been converted to your ultimate advantage, by a timely ſenſe of their deſtructive tendency. The criſis of your fate was ſtill to be decided; nor can I but reflect with the moſt painful anxiety how many thouſand of our ſex may be wavering at this very moment in a ſomewhat ſimilar ſituation with yourſelf; ſtill ſtruggling it is probable, between duty and inclination, between real happineſs and falſe pleaſures, between a virtuous and vitious conduct; when if they were apprized, like me, of the infinite importance of the choice before them, they would tremble at the dread alternative—an alternative no longer, nor heſitate another inſtant to be virtuous and happy. For us, Lorenzo, the choice and the reſult of it were of a far different deſcription! In my own miſerable ſtate of life I had long grown callous to all ſtings of conſcience, and dead to every ſenſe of honour. Abandoned, profligate, unprincipled as I was, no wonder that I artfully improved our intimacy to the utmoſt of my power; aſſiduous, as occaſion offered, to flatter, to encourage, to betray; attentive equally to drain your pocket and infect your principles; to render you, in ſhort, as deſperate and as worthleſs as myſelf. You ſee Lorenzo, to what unlimited iniquities the progreſs of this fatal paſſion will gradually reconcile its votaries! My purpoſe once effected (and but little artifice was requiſite to practiſe with compleat ſucceſs upon your eaſy confidence) what crime was not familiar to us! what vice was not habitual! Alas, Lorenzo, it is irkſome, and it muſt be needleſs, to remind you of them in detail. The worſt, if worſe be poſſible, is ſtill behind—I am utterly unable to repeat it.

I refer

I refer you rather to that inward monitor who regifters our fecret actions, and will finally report them: O my fellow-criminal, could you fee me, could you read me at this awful hour, the preſent whiſper of your conſcience might poſſibly preſerve you from its future thunder! Hear me, I entreat you with my dying breath, and truſt me I am now ſincere! Repent, repent, Lorenzo, as long as you have any being! Believe me, the aggregate of all iniquity is not a juſter definition of ingratitude than it is of gaming.

Farewell, much injured, much deluded friend! And if you have a moment unemployed in begging mercy for your own offences, forgive, compaſſionate, and pray for the impious, the loſt AMINTOR!

Lorenzo, when this letter reached him, was riſing from the gaming-table, diſtracted at ſome recent loſſes to a very large amount. It ſtruck him to the ſoul; at every line, at every word of it he experienced inexpreſſible emotions: the myſterious and abrupt concluſion, in particular, repeated and united every former ſhock. Conſcience took advantage of the moment to urge him to reflection; in agonies too great to be deſcribed, he hurried to his chamber: the melancholy ſequel may be beſt collected from a letter which he wrote to Lycus, the ſurviving partner of his vices and his guilt.

LORENZO TO LYCUS.

O Lycus, it is all too true—it is all too dreadful—it is inſupportable! Wretch that I am to be ſtill conſcious of exiſtence! The fate of our unhappy friend, the melancholy picture of his inward agonies, and the ſolemn exhortation of his dying moments, impreſs me with unſpeakable alarm. Like him I am at length awakened from a guilty dream; like him too I awake to horrors inconceivable! They compel me, Lycus, to look back upon myſelf; to think upon my own paſt life; they rouze me, in ſpite of all my efforts, to a fearful ſenſe of my condition. Yes, Lycus, it is all too true! Amintor has done well to cenſure, to admoniſh, to condemn me. Yet why ſhould he admoniſh, me of deeds that are irreparable! why labour to convince me of the cauſe of all our ſorrows, the ſource of all our guilt! why tell me of the precipice down which we fell! Can I be unconſcious of the vice that ruined us, or heſitate to own the poiſon that we raſhly ſwallowed?—No; rather let me ſecond his reproof; and forward his advice to others whom it ſtill may ſave. I heartily confirm his ſentence;—the gameſter, or in other words, the villian that I now am, may be eaſily traced backward to the gambling ſchool-boy. You remember, Lycus, the firſt efforts of our paſſion, indulged, encouraged as it was continually by Amintor and myſelf, while you furniſhed, in your own inſtance, one melancholy proof of the rapid contagion of a bad example! From that ill-fated period we cannot but be conſcious of the altered ſtate of all our thoughts, purſuits, and actions; our minds, you muſt remember, became gradually diveſted of thoſe glad ſenſations, that amiable levity and cheerful freedom peculiar to the innocence of early life. O Lycus, is it not aſtoniſhing that we could ever render our reluctant ſouls ſo meanly obedient to each new ſuggeſtion, ſo utterly ſubſervient to each freſh demand of this inſatiate paſſion? That we ever ſhould attach ourſelves to a tyrant ſo iniquitous, and blindly devote ourſelvs to a miſtreſs ſo deformed? Is it not aſtoniſhing, I ſay, that we ever ſhould be reconciled to a vice ſo unſatisfactory, a ſtate of villainy ſo painful? And yet to what an unknown length have I purſued this phantom! Yes, Lycus, I have crimes within me, ſuggeſted by this worſt of vices, which even to your kindred boſom

never yet dared to mention. Imagine to yourself a wretch who rather than refift the impulfe of a paffion which had ruined him as well in health as in fortune, could meditate the fecret deftruction of a tender, an indulgent parent; imagine and behold that wretch. What monfter but Lorenzo, what monfter but a gameſter could inhumanly have adminiſtered the flow but certain poiſon which brought him prematurely to the grave! And when I had conſumed, in the ſame ruinous purſuits, the ample patrimony which his unſuſpecting tenderneſs had left me, how baſely was I tempted to ſupply the loſs of it by a deed of almoſt equal infamy! The meaſure of my ſecret marriage with the rich and amiable heireſs of the houſe of ——, was attended with circumſtances of the moſt refined iniquity. Every tie of gratitude, every law of hoſpitality, every principle of honour was abuſed and broken; every artifice of deep diſſimulation and deliberate perjury was practiſed without ſcruple to conciliate her affections to a traitor, who to ſave himſelf a ſhort time longer from ſinking in the vortex of a gaming-houſe, could unfeelingly involve her innocence in the puniſhment of his enormities; and no ſooner had ſecured her fortune than he caſt it, with her happineſs, to the hazard of a die! Much injured Laura! what a bitter requital of your goodneſs and affection! what a cruel recompence have you conſtantly received for that ineſtimable treaſure, the poſſeſſion of your hand and heart! what a life of miſery were you deſtined to experience from the moment of your fatal attachment to ſuch a monſter as a gameſter! And you, ye helpleſs innocents, the unconſcious victims of a father's vices, to what wretchedneſs are you devoted, to what miſeries are you expoſed by that unfeeling hand which nature had appointed to protect and to befriend you! but I dare not follow theſe diſtracting thoughts. Whatever period I refer to, I am ſtartled and confounded with increaſing crimes; miſchiefs more extenſive in effect, though they cannot be more heinous in degree, unnumbered aggravations of my guilty paſſion (conſidered as the fureſt incitement to every other outrage on the lives, the characters, the fortunes, and the happineſs of my fellow creatures in general) are riſing all around me in terrible array, and doom me, unpitied, unlamented, unforgiven, to the vengeance of offended Heaven, as the peſt of ſociety, and the diſgrace of human nature.

Lorenzo could proceed no further; his pen inſenſibly gave place to a more fatal weapon. In a few ſhort moments his ſufferings, his earthly ſufferings were no more! Ah, whither was he gone? Deſperate Lorenzo! to plunge into eternity by a deed which doubled every crime that rendered him unfit to go there!

See, reader, the main outlines of a gameſter's hiſtory! and though there may not all be driven to realiſe exactly this picture of iniquity, very few in fact, I will be bold to ſay, experience a life more happy, or a death leſs miſerable.

Perhaps it is now time to draw aſide the maſk ſtill further. Know then, it is Lycus, the unhappy ſurviving Lycus, who has hitherto addreſſed you: and though he has indeed requeſted me to ſpare him the diſgrace of publiſhing his real name, he has ſuffered me to add the following ſhort extract from a letter which he lately wrote me:—

'The wretched remainder of my life,' ſaid he, in ſpeaking of his former conduct, 'I ſhall dedicate inceſſantly to penitence and prayer; while the only additional conſolation I can ever look for muſt equally ariſe from my hopes and my endeavours to adminiſter a ſtrict warning to the world at large, by pointing out the rock

rock on which I have myſelf been ſtranded. And bleſſed be the Father of Mercies for this, even thus allowing me, as it were, to reverſe my hour-glaſs once more (not indeed for the prolongation of my own life, but poſſibly for that of others, before the lingering remnants become finally exhauſted.'

The foregoing anecdotes of real life can need no comment. In every ſituation we perceive the effects of gaming are the ſame. The advantage of birth and fortune, education and abilities, only multiply the means of our deſtruction, and enhance the meaſure of our guilt; for although the fate of Amintor may ſeem more diſgraceful in the eyes of men, a Lorenzo will aſſuredly have leſs (if poſſible) to plead, in the awful preſence of his Maker. S. F.

Second Letter of Paul Plaintive, ſhewing his Wars with Authors and Bookſellers.

SIR

I WAS highly delighted when I ſaw my letter in your laſt number. You have the ſoul of an author, mr. Editor, I am ſure: and you can imagine what are the raptures of an author when he is allowed to appeal to the public. I ſhall always reſpect and venerate you, even though I ſhould never know you better than I do now. But to proceed.

As I told you I reſolved to write and publiſh a book, and the firſt part of which reſolve was eaſily performed. I choſe for my *debut* a ſtriking ſubject. I need not tell you, ſir, how much depends upon that: I mean upon writing what is called by the modern *Cerberi* of authors a *marketable production*. Oh! ye ſhades of Homer and Virgil, of Plato, Socrates, and Tully, if thou art conſcious of what paſſeth in theſe nether regions, look down with an eye of pity upon the authors of the nineteenth century. Ye never knew what it is to write at ſo much per ſheet, with deductions for paſte and ſciſſar work: ye never knew what it is to be beſet with printers' devils at breakfaſt, yelling out for copy; to wire draw your brains into eſſays, tales, and criticiſms: to be *cut up* in reviews, and afterwards *cut down* in pocket: ye lived in a happy age, and wrote what you liked, and not what was wanted: but, oh! if the ghoſt of *Paul Plaintive* ſhould ever mingle with thy celeſtial ſhades, he will

'a tale unfold, whoſe lighteſt word
will harrow up thy ſouls!'

* * * * *

'But his eternal blazon muſt not be
To ears of fleſh and blood.'

I commenced my career, ſir, in criticiſm, and choſe for the object of it, one of the greateſt names of the laſt century. I wrote my ſtrictures with calmneſs, and did not cenſure without illuſtration of my cenſure. I was highly delighted with my performance, and looked forward to immortal honours. But, alas! what are the hopes of man! I finiſhed my work and offered it to a bookſeller: it was *declined*. I dare ſay you know the import of that word. If ever you have been an unſucceſsful author, you doubtleſs know what it is to receive a polite note from a bookſeller, ſtating that the multiplicity of preſent concerns, or the dearneſs of paper, or the continental war, or ſomething elſe, prevents him from having the pleaſure of accepting your MS. Alas! I have had as many ſuch letters as would ſell by the pound for ſeveral ſhillings.

This firſt refuſal did not to be ſure much deject me. I was yet ignorant in the arcana of authorſhip. I verily thought the bookſeller ſpoke truth! I therefore tried another, and another; but all in vain: and I ſat down, in ſelf-glory much abated, with my manuſcript before me, and

wondering by what fatality men could be ſo blinded to their own intereſts as to refuſe a work, which, if publiſhed, muſt cover them with profit, and me with honour.

During this interval I read the dear book over and over again, and was more and more enraptured with its beauties. It was impoſſible I could think of letting ſuch a paragon of excellence remain unknown to the world; and ſince I could not publiſh for profit, I reſolved to do it for fame. I choſe indeed an humble vehicle for the herald of my celebrity: but I imagined I was deſtined to confer, not to receive honour. My immortal criticiſms appeared, in detached portions, in the columns of a newſpaper!

They had merit or novelty enough about them to attract ſeveral replications, ſome of which were inſerted, and ſome were put into my hands in manuſcript. When the whole of my ſtrictures had appeared, I was adviſed to venture upon a republication of them in the form of a pamphlet. I did ſo. Ah! doleful day! It is high treaſon againſt the kingdom and government of bookſellers for an author to publiſh for himſelf, and they take care to puniſh the culprit.

My book was publiſhed and at the ſame moment I quitted England, for I was then in a dignified ſituation with a dignified perſonage. While abroad, the praiſe of the reviewers was wafted over to me, for they *did praiſe*, and I reſolved to ſet up the trade of an author, with no other ſtock in trade than my brains. I renounced my poſt, and returned to England in all the glorious poverty of literature.

Now methought I'm like another Johnſon, or Goldſmith, or Savage. I longed to ſleep on a bulk, or walk the ſtreets all night, for want of a lodging; to live upon fourpence a day: to ſign a letter to a bookſeller *impranſus*; or to reject with indignation, a pair of ſhoes that I ſhould find outſide my chamber.

But theſe were the vivid anticipations of fancy, and when my adverſe fortune realiſed them, I groaned and grumbled like a common man.—When I had nothing but potatoes for dinner, I longed for a mutton chop: when one pair of breeches were worn out, I wiſhed for another; and I never ſat upon my three legged ſtool without regretting the want of my arm chair. The glorious examples of my predeceſſors in poverty faded away before the preſſure of preſent evils, and I was willing to leave them in the undiſturbed poſſeſſion of their claims to precedence in miſery.

During this ſtate of gloomy vacancy, I tried every bookſeller in various manners; always changing my mode of attack: ſometimes I had a volume of miſcellanies to diſpoſe of: ſometimes I propoſed a tranſlation from the French; and ſometimes a compilation from the Engliſh. But it was all in vain; their uſual anſwer was returned.

I now began to deſpair, and feared that all my viſions of literary diſtinction were to fade, and that I muſt ſubmit forthwith to the inglorious drudgery of an office. But juſt at this very time I happened to ſee, on the wrapper of the life of a notorious pickpocket, my firſt-born child advertiſed; for you muſt know, that I had empowered the printer of it, to ſell the copies in hand to any bookſeller to reimburſe himſelf. Now I was once more elate. This man, ſaid I, will ſurely buy any thing elſe from the ſame pen—he has the evidence of my genius in his hands, and cannot be ſuch a Goth as to *decline my MS.*

I wrote to him, and propoſed a novel, which he finally accepted.—Now I was an author indeed! The novel was finiſhed, and after that I got from the ſame bookſeller a tranſ-

lation

lation from the French. Do you know, ſir, that I then abſolutely kept an amanuenſis!

But how frail is man's happineſs; and moſt of all an author's! When the tranſlation was done, I got nothing elſe; and ſo I was forced to diſcharge my amanuenſis, and return to the ſolitary dignity of an idle author. This laſted longer than I wiſhed, and I had recourſe again to all my ſtratagems to entice ſome good-natured bookſeller into a bargain with me.

Among others I happened to write to one who has ſince arrived at city honours. He was then a plain *miſter*, but now he is no ſuch thing. I called upon him by appointment. It would have rejoiced you to ſee him iſſue from his counting-houſe into his little ſhop; his majeſtic figure had not room to diſplay itſelf; he was like an elephant in a drawing-room.

He courteouſly invited me to meet him that evening at his country-houſe. I went, and ſupped upon roaſted potatoes; it was a Pythegorean meal waſhed down with good Engliſh porter.

The literary purveyor employed me upon certain regions of his extenſive dominions, and we went on pretty well together till he cheated me of twenty pounds, and then I thought it was time to give him up. I did not get rid of him, however, till I had received a few epiſtles from him, diſplaying his native arrogance and acquired inſolence.

What did I do next? Alas! I had another interregnum of proſperity, till at length I wrote another novel. In this I attempted to aſtoniſh the world by daring novelties and free wit; but the world ſeemed very careleſs about what I wrote, and my work paſſed quietly along into the gloomy ſtream of oblivion. *Requieſcat in pace.*

At this period I was amazingly occupied; I was poſitively beſieged with devils; and you muſt know that I am a very uſeful hand to a bookſeller, for I can turn my pen to any thing and quickly too: and hence it happened that I was, at the ſame time writing lives, criticiſms, and novels, compiling anecdotes of a purſuit I did not underſtand, and contributing largely to a periodical publication.

But this was the decline of my literary glory; theſe multifarious occupations were not ſucceeded by new ones, and my butcher's and baker's bills grew to an alarming length.—Here, alas! I found my eloquence and my genius of no uſe: poliſhed periods and elevated language were poured in vain into the unwilling ears of hard-hearted creditors; if I ſtrove to awaken their ſympathy by pathos, they coolly anſwered *my bill*; if I wrote them a note full of wit and elegance, they replied *my bill*; and if I made promiſes, they ſtill cried *my bill*. Not Othello roared louder for his handkerchief than theſe harpies for their bill. But, mr. Editor, you know perfectly well that authors cannot coin money; and if they had no reſpect to genius, why genius muſt reſpect itſelf; ſo, as they were ſo uncivil as to inſiſt upon their money, I quietly left the place, and did not trouble them any more about the matter.

How I lived afterwards I do not with to remember; and I was ſcarcely ſorry when I received a gentle tap on my ſhoulder one day, and a gentleman begged me to accompany him to—huſh! I muſt not reveal the ſecrets of my priſon-houſe. Suffice to ſay, that I now enjoy a very pleaſant country reſidence, in a very numerous ſociety; and beſides that, I have the honour to belong to *his majeſty's Fleet*.

Perhaps you may hear from me again; for the preſent I ſubſcribe myſelf your brother,

PAUL PLAINTIVE.

Over the Water, Sept. 4, 1808.

Endymion

Endymion the Exile.

LETTER VII.

MY landlord invited me laſt Wedneſday to drink tea in his front parlour, in company with a rich man from the city. The gentleman, in knowledge of our language, was about upon a par with the Engliſh admiral who took the *count de Graſſe* priſoner, and who (as my father has twenty times informed me,) addreſſed his unwilling viſitor as follows—'*Mon admiral, I am tres gratified de vous voir.*' The citizen, however, could not conceal his contempt of my foreign pronunciation, and before the tea-things were removed, whiſpered my landlord, loud enough to be overheard by me, '*Why the devil doesn't he ſpeak Engliſh like a man?*' Notwithſtanding this prejudice in favour of his mother tongue, mr. Tranſfer, as I found his name to be, proved to be good humoured and officious. He told me, that he was born at Tadcaſter, and was ſent up to London as an apprentice. That for the firſt four years of his ſervice, he and the houſe-dog ſlept together under the counter; that his indentures and his old maſter expired in the ſame year; ſoon after which he married the widow, and had lately, by a lucky ſpeculation of indigo, obtained conſiderable wealth. 'But I don't know how the devil it is,' ſaid he, 'ſince my wife has determined on living in *Baker-ſtreet*, I find the evenings hang fire like a volunteer muſket! If I could but go to *Baſton's* or *Tom's* I thou'd'nt mind, but lord love you! I now live four miles from them there places. 'Tis true, I have at laſt eſtabliſhed a bowling club in the new road, and a deviliſh good evening lounge it is: I drink negus there while my wife treats her viſitors with whiſt and lemonade, ſo you ſee we make up the old proverb between us, while I *play at bowls* the *expects rubbers!*' My landlord laughed at this ſally: he underſtands Engliſh jokes, and owes mr. Tranſfer money. But as I was not in either of thoſe predicaments, I perceived the regularity of my muſcles. Tranſfer now proceeded to inform me, that the great mercantile ſecret was ſpeculation. 'Ah! mr. Endymion,' ſaid he, 'in my grandfather's time it was different; men grew rich then by ſaving money, but now ſpeculation's the word, *nut ſcize her, nut looſe her*, as Homer ſays, neck or nothing. Rules and poverty approach ſo near, that like the natives of Bow-lane, they may ſhake hands from the oppoſite windows—a villa at Twickenham, is elbowed by a whereas in the gazette, and an open table cloſed by a lock-up houſe.' I told him that my countrymen were as great ſpeculators as his townſmen could poſſibly be. 'Are they?' cried mr. Tranſfer with alacrity. 'Come along with me then; *I'll ſhow you the lions*: ſomething may ſtrike you.' 'Yes,' anſwered I, 'unleſs your lions are caged, ſomething *may* ſtrike me.' 'Why you nimny,' replied Tranſfer, with a roar of laughter. 'ſhewing the lions means, letting people ſee any thing very—in ſhort it means *ſhowing the lions.*' I expreſſed my gratitude for this definition, and on the following *morning* (as theſe late dining Londoners call it) at about three o'clock in the afternoon, I accompanied my communicative acquaintance to the court of Plutus. The firſt place we viſited was a ſtreet named *the Old Jewry*, where there is an *inſtitution* lately eſtabliſhed for teaching Thames lightermen how to ſteer by Æneas's compaſs: enabling weary bankers' clerks to repoſe in the porch of Socrates, and conducting city bridge-maſters over the *pons aſinorum*. After entering the veſtibule of this ſacred temple, my conductor exclaimed, 'There is a thing of this ſort in Dover-ſtreet, but this beats it all to nothing.'

nothing.' 'Yes,' anſwered I, 'beats it *hollow*,' caſting my eyes on the untenanted chairs. 'But pray who is that young man in ſtriped pantaloons, poring ſo ſtudiouſly over a manuſcript; doubtleſs, he is expounding ſome treaſure from the ruins of Herculaneum.' 'Piha! ſtuff!' cried mr. Transfer, peevihly, 'he's reading the Morning Chronicle,' 'Well ſir,' I replied, 'I muſt own I do not quite like your ſcheme. To kill time in Dover-ſtreet is abſolutely neceſſary, but what has the poor baldheaded old gentleman done, that he muſt be murdered in the city. That perſecuted ſon of Iſrael, whom we read of in the hiſtory of your country, was certainly a prophet, when he ſaid, 'Wherever a maſſacre begins, it is ſure to end in the *Old Jewry*.' 'You are quite right,' exclaimed the monopolizer of indigo, 'I ſee you underſtand ſpeculation! it will never do: too far from the ſcene of action: Cornhill's the place after all: come along with me, and I'll ſhow you ſuch a ſpeculation!'

Mr. Transfer now drew me by the left arm through various alleys blind as himſelf, till we arrived in a ſquare ſurrounded by piazzas, and having the ſtatue of Charles the ſecond in the centre. 'This, ſir,' ſaid the expounder of lions with great gravity, 'this is the royal exchange.' 'I have often heard of it,' cried I, looking round me with amazement, half ſtunned by the babel ſounds that aſſailed me from every quarter. 'The monarch who ſtands in the middle, was too witty ever to ſay a fooliſh thing, but unfortunately his long reſidence in my country, diſabled him from ever doing a wife 'one.' 'And now,' interrupted my conductor, 'I'll ſhow you my ſpeculation. But if you offer to blab, I'll hurl the alien act in your teeth, and ſend you to the devil.' I ſatisfied him upon this head, and he continued—'You ſee thoſe walls lined with puffs of all denominations. Quack doctors and Grenada packets; dancing maſters and miſſionaries; French languages and Scotch reels; auctioneers flouriſhing on paper, and writing maſters on vellum. I'll pack 'em all off, they ſhall all clear outwards egad! and what do you think I mean to put in their place!' 'A neſt of new country houſes,' anſwered I. 'No,' replied mr. Transfer, looking as blue as the commodity to which he owed his elevation. 'I declare you are as dull as a tavern ſpoon. I mean to erect a grand library! a new city inſtitution my boy! I have contracted for the books at ſo much per ſquare foot.' 'Excellent,' rejoined I, in ſeeming rapture: 'your ſcheme is worth a million. Already I ſee the Portagueze walk bedecked by Camoens; the Dutch walk laden with controvectial divinity; and the Spaniſh walk clattering beneath the hoofs of the renowned Rofinante. Merchants ſhall hereafter bind a bargain in epigram, and grocers turn a ſtanza with one hand and a penny with the other. And you,' cried I, turning to the merry monarch in ſtone 'you ſole ſurviver of the houſe of Stuart, walk off arm in arm with Nell Gwynn and give place to the god Apollo. All the kings whom I ſee yonder, muſt cede their places to the nine ladies who dwell in the ſeraglio of Phœbus—The pump at the gate with ſcorn rival the waters of Helicon, and then—' I was here interrupted by the embraces of mr. Transfer, who could not ſuſtain his raptures at the thoughts of his ſpeculation. This movement drew upon us the general attention of buyers and ſellers, and I thought it prudent to make a precipitate retreat.

London Faſhions.

WALKING DRESS.

A ROUND gown of fine jaconet muſlin, with ſhort ſleeve, and laced

or wrought front; wide double frill of ſcolloped lace, brought to a point in the centre of the boſom. A village hat of brown chip, tied acroſs the crown with a band of apple-bloſſom farſnet, ornamented on the crown with the ſame, or a ſhort full curled feather. A ſcarf of Chineſe ſilk, the ſame colour, with a deep palm-coloured fringe, brought partially acroſs the buſt, and otherwiſe fancifully diſpoſed. A ſilver filligree, or mocho-ſtone necklace. Limerick gloves, and flippers of palm-coloured kid.

DINNER, OR DEJEUNE COSTUME.—A round robe, with ſhort train, and *demi* apron of purple or violet crape, or muſlin; vandyked at each extremity with point lace, or cut white velvet. A full ſhort ſleeve, confined fancifully with a ſimple row of pearl. A folded tucket, and long ſleeve of Paris net, with a bracelet of fine pearl. A French watch with pearl chain. Minerva bonnet the ſame as the dreſs, band and edging of beads; full taſſel in front to correſpond. Minerva plume of white feathers. Shoes of white ſatin, or French kid. Fan of carved ivory.

BALL DRESS.—A petticoat of fine clear white muſlin, figured or plain. A peaſant's jacket of white ſatin, with ſhort full ſleeve, in the Spaniſh form. The jacket and ſleeves trimmed with ſilver beading, or cord. A Perſian cap of Bruſſels' lace, with a bunch of autumnal flowers in front. A compoſition brooch, repreſenting the flower called *the pheaſant's eye*. Necklace and earrings of bloſſom coloured patent pearl. Gloves and ſhoes of pale bloſſom coloured kid.

OUT DOOR, OR CARRIAGE COSTUME.—A round robe of white, or pale morone muſlin over white cambric; made with long ſleeves, and a high collar, edged with lace or beading, confined down the front with a row of ſmall buttons in mother of pearl, and faſtened round the waiſt with a correſpondent cord and taſſel pending from the right ſide. A Spaniſh mantle, and a hat of morone farſnet, ſhot with white (or what is commonly called a ſilver morone), the mantle edged, and the hat ornamented with white cord, or cut velvet. A full frill of reverſe plaiting round the throat, confined towards the left ſhoulder with ſuitable cord and taſſel. Gloves of pale York tan, and flippers of tan coloured kid.

General Remarks on the Faſhions for the Seaſon.

THERE is perhaps no period of the year when invention is ſo much on the ſtretch to ſupply the deficiency of a regular ſtandard as at the preſent. Faſhion yet allows her votaries to ſport at pleaſure: and taſte and genius, at full liberty to exerciſe their powers of individual choice, afford an animated and agreeable variety; while at the ſame time they gladly preſerve the fundamental laws of their acknowledged dictatreſs and ſovereign. In our communications on this ſubject, we cannot therefore be at a loſs for matter; our chief difficulty ariſing from a deſire to ſelect amidſt the numerous diſplay, ſuch articles as are moſt diſtinguiſhable for taſte and elegance.

The unfavourable weather which has marked ſome part of the preſent month, has called forth ſomewhat earlier than uſual the ſilk peliſſe, which, with thoſe of ſhawl muſlin, lined with farſnet of agreeably contraſted ſhades, are very well adapted as a ſhelter from the chills of autumn. Theſe peliſſes are uſually worn with turbans, or ſmall French poke bonnets, formed of the ſame material; as alſo with bonnets of ſtraw, of the complete cottage form, with bands and tufts of folded farſnet, or ſilk handkerchiefs of orange and green, or purple and amber ſhot. Black French chips of the jockey form, with

with a ſmall bunch of variegated *chineaſter* in front, diſplays much novelty and animation. Gipſey hats are ſtill ſeen in the morning ramble, or in the ſtroll on the ſea-beach; but they give place in point of novelty and comfort, to the palm bonnet, of figured farſnet, which is edged with a deep lace, and formed ſo as totally to obſcure the countenance, except quite in front. In full dreſs, coloured crape over white ſatin, or white with painted borders in fruit, or embroidered with autumnal flowers, are very much eſteemed. The Poloneſe veſt, and Turkiſh robe, are remarkable for grace and elegance in this ſpecies of coſtume. The former is a revived habit and is particularly calculated to diſplay to advantage a tall and graceful figure. The Turkiſh robe differs little from what has been often exhibited, except that the ſleeves (which are large and full) now meet, in the true eaſtern ſtyle, the bend of the arm in front, and hanging long, are ſloped to a point conſiderably below the elbow behind; it is alſo confined with a broad Turkiſh girdle faſtened in front with three claſps of gold, ſilver, or jewellery. Theſe robes are chiefly compoſed of crape, tiſſue, imperial gauze, or muſlin, and variouſly bordered in gold, ſilver, chenille, or coloured ſilk. Dreſſes of coloured goſſamer net, worn over white farſnet or ſatin, give a ſort of ſilvery rainbow luſtre, and are remarkable for delicacy and beauty.

The lace hoods and tippets, as deſcribed in our laſt number, are an exceedingly elegant article; and ſo unique in themſelves that they never can become offenſively general. The pilgrim's hat and mantle, compriſing much ſimplicity and novelty, and when formed of velvet, or Georgian cloth, muſt be found a very faſhionable winter article. The Brazilian coif, and *demigree* cloak, with the Minerva helmet are ornaments of conſiderable elegance; but are beſt adapted to the carriage coſtume.

There is ſcarce any female who does not occaſionally appear in muſlin or cambrick peliſſe: for though ſhawls and ſcarfs, negligently and fancifully diſpoſed, and mantles of farſnet bordered with cord, or cut velvet, are variouſly diſplayed, yet in the numerous changes to which our climate is ſubject, and more particularly during the ſpring and autumn, that covering which is adapted to one period of the day may poſſibly be found inſufficient or oppreſſive at another. Peliſſes of this deſcription have alſo a double advantage, as they form a complete and moſt becoming breakfaſt wrap, and are put on and off with ſo much eaſe.

The hair at watering-places, is uſually diſpoſed in bands, and braids. Curls (if natural) ſcarcely retaining their undulations when expoſed to a damp air; and after bathing, the hair (even though ſheltered by an appropriate cap) is generally found unyielding and refractory. The Grecian mob, formed entirely of lace or of alternate muſlin and lace beading, rounded, or pointed in the centre of the forehead, with a plaiting of French net entirely rounded, are uſually ſeen under the gipſy hat, or ſtraw bonnet, in the morning. They form alſo an appropriate indoor decoration for the head during the day indeed fancy caps of various deſcriptions are very much in requeſt, flowers, ſmall half ſquares of lace, with the corner rounded off or the hair ſimply confined with a gold or ſilver comb, with an occaſional Spaniſh or ſhepherdeſs's hat of pale ſatin, are the only diſtinguiſhable adoptions for public occaſions; and this ſimple ſtyle is conſidered more genteel at this intermediate ſeaſon than a more ſhowy or ſplendid decoration. The waiſt continues its encreaſed length, and has not yet exceeded that medium we continue to recommend.

Gowns are in a general way worn round, and of a walking length. It would now appear ſomewhat ſingular to ſee a lady walking the ſtreets with a train. In full dreſs however, we are glad to ſee them reviving. They abſolutely belong to that ſpecies of coſtume; and our fair faſhionables loſe in appearance much grace and dignity without this appropriate and elegant appendage. Gowns of royal purple, graſs-green, amber ſhawl muſlin, or twill cambric, are conſidered very genteel habiliments, and have a lively and ſomewhat novel effect. They are formed in a ſimple round robe, a walking length, with a large cable cord the colour of the dreſs laid round the bottom, juſt above the hem. The ſleeve is long, and the back without a ſeam; in front is an antique ſtomacher, laced with correſpondent cord and buttons. Gold, ſilver or pearl ornaments can only be worn with theſe very lively and becoming robes. The queen Catherine's hood and tippet (whoſe ſimple elegance has been already deſcribed) is never ſo ſtrikingly becoming as when worn with theſe dreſſes, to which they form ſo agreeable a contraſt.

There is nothing remarkably novel in jewellery ſince our laſt number; gold brooches in elegant devices, and to repreſent ſimple flowers, and ſmall fruit, are ornaments much in requeſt: and the large ſnake, in ſilver, or gold filligree, with the eyes of diamond, or different coloured gems, twiſted round the hair, with bracelets to correſpond, are articles more ſplendid in effect than pleaſing in idea. There is ſomething exceedingly repellent to the fancy in ſo baſe a reptile being allowed to twiſt its inſidious folds amidſt the treſſes of a beautiful woman. We would recommend to our fair countrywomen ornaments more poſſeſſing, and calculated to inſpire aſſociations more agreeable than thoſe produced by this Meduſian decoration.

The greateſt novelty produced for the foot are ſeen in the Turkiſh ſlipper of ſatin, kid, or ſilk; it is cut with a ſquare inſtep or deep ſcollop, and is trimmed with narrow fringe, or ſilver binding. In full dreſs they have a ſtriking, and not inappropriate effect. Walking ſhoes are invariably made high, and cut ſo as to confine the ancle with a ſtrap and button. Half boots are almoſt entirely exploded; our females have doubtleſs diſcovered, that the fineſt turned foot and ankle is diſfigured by them. They were never calculated but for the ſea-beach, or country walk.

The glove is worn above the elbow, with the ſhort ſleeve. The moſt faſhionable colours for the preſent ſeaſon are ſhades of purple, green, bright amber, palm, and roſe colour.

Union of Saints; or, William Huntington and Lady Sanderſon.

WONDERFUL are the vagaries of that goddeſs by ſome yclept fortune, but by pious folk often invoked as their Providence!—'If ſome people are up, I am down,' ejaculated a decent-looking mechanic; as he emanated, with troublous ſtep, from the ſhop of his pawnbroker. Not ſo the redoubtable ſubject of this paper, the never-to-be forgotten, and moſt aſtoniſhing *William Huntington*, S.S. Whoever is down, he is now up; elevated beyond former meaſure, and promiſes, as far as I can learn, long to maintain his ſtanding. He is ſo licitous to be ſtill ſerviceable in his day and generation.

Marvellous man! who ſhall deſcribe thy worth, thy exertions, and thy ſucceſs? No longer *hunt*—from village to village, from town to town, from county to county, thou art glorioufly eſtabliſhed in that 'ſort and mart of all the earth,'

metropolis of thy native land! Disdaining vulgar attachments, hedging and ditching, thou hast betrothed no common dame; sublimed from the impure impulses of carnal feeling, thou hast again entered into the holy state of matrimony!

Magnanimous divine! Above sorrowing as men without hope, thou hast nobly, resigned the partner of thy former life to the dust from which she came, and quickly exchanged thy mourning for the wedding-garment! Thy sorrow is turned into joy, and thy heaviness into mirth.

'Sturdy, good-looking man!' Comely, comfortable, lady!

Happy, holy pair! what calamity have ye to fear? Houses and lands and horses are yours, the elect ones bless you for the sake of the church, and even reprobates respect you for your riches! Fulfil then the first commandment of creation; hasten to 'increase,' and increasing, 'multiply,' Enviable propagators of your species! 'sinners saved' shall spring from your 'loins,' if, peradventure, ye but abide fast in the 'faith' you have espoused. Saints from the womb, your progeny shall people a 'new church,' another generation of 'the faithful' shall rise up to bless you.

Admirably lady Sanderson!—but lady Sanderson no longer—thou hast exchanged thy earthly for a heavenly husband! beware, however, of the sisterhood, even the sisterhood of the righteous ···thy spouse is desired!—Whatever he may ask of 'things necessary for the soul,' suffer him not to lack any thing that is 'necessary for the body.' There are those who 'would be happy to see him without a material part of necessary adornment!' Good lady, remember always 'the breeches;' and never give him cause again to petition, even in faith, 'for what is essential for a person of decency and modesty.'

Holy, happy pair!—Farewell.

MENTOR.

Two Singular Clerical Anecdotes.

DR. LYONS, BISHOP OF CORK.

THE following curious anecdote is given on the authority of a record in the consistorial court of Cork.—The picture of the bishop to whom it relates, in his captain's uniform, the left hand wanting a finger, with his name and date of appointment, are also still to be seen in the episcopal palace of that city.

Dr. William Lyons, who was preferred to the bishopric of Cork, Cloyne and Ross, towards the conclusion of the reign of queen Elizabeth, was originally the captain of a ship, who had so highly distinguished himself by his gallantry in several actions with the Spaniards, that on being introduced to the queen, she told him he should have the *first vacancy that offered.*

The honest captain, who understood the queen literally, soon after hearing of a vacancy in the see of Cork, immediately set out for court, and claimed the royal promise. The queen, astonished at the request, for a time remonstrated against its impropriety, declaring it was what she never could think of as an office suitable for him. Her objections were, however, in vain. He urged that the royal word was passed, and that he relied on its fulfilment. Her majesty then said she would take a few days to consider of the matter. On enquiring into his character, and finding him a sober, moral man, as well as an intrepid commander, she sent for Lyons, and gave him the bishopric, saying,—'She hoped he would take as much care of the church as he had done of the state.'

Lyons accordingly repaired to his see, which he enjoyed above twenty years with great reputation; but never attempted to preach but once, and that was on the death of the queen. On that occasion he thought it his duty to pay a tribute of respect

to

to his royal miſtreſs. He accordingly mounted the pulpit of Chriſt-church, in the city of Cork, where after delivering a good diſcourſe on the uncertainty of life, and the great and amiable qualities of the queen, he concluded in the following energetic, but whimſical manner:—

'Let thoſe who feel this loſs deplore with me on this melancholy occaſion, but if there be any that hear me who ſecretly wiſhed for this event, as perhaps there may be, they have now got their wiſh, and the devil do them good with it.'

ABBE WATTEVILLE.

WATTEVILLE was colonel of the regiment of Burgundy in the ſervice of Philip IV. of Spain, and diſtinguiſhed himſelf by many brilliant achievements. Diſſatisfied that another officer was promoted over his head, he quitted the ſervice and turned Carthuſian. He ſoon began to be tired of the ſolitude of the convent; having ſecretly procured a ſum of money, he commiſſioned an intimate friend to purchaſe a riding dreſs, a ſword, and a pair of piſtols, with which he equipped himſelf at night in his cell, and proceeded towards the garden. The prior, either by accident, or having received a hint of his intention, met him by the way. Watteville diſpatched him on the ſpot; and leaping the garden wall, found a horſe in readineſs for him. He galloped away, and never ſtopped till he was obliged by the wearineſs of the animal. The place at which he halted was a wretched lonely inn, ſituated in a foreſt. A ſheep's head, the only proviſion that it afforded was put down to the fire by his order.—Scarcely had he began eating, when another traveller entered; and as he found nothing elſe to ſatisfy his hunger, he requeſted Watteville to divide his repaſt with him. The latter refuſed to part with the ſmalleſt portion; the parties grew warm; the ſtranger ſeized the diſh, and was running away with it, when Watteville ſnatched up one of his piſtols and ſhot him through the head. Laying the other upon the table, he threatened to ſerve the landlady and a man ſervant, who had haſtened to the room on hearing the noiſe, in the ſame manner, if they offered to moleſt him during his meal. When he had finiſhed he mounted his horſe, and after a variety of adventures he reached the dominions of the grand ſignor, where he aſſumed the turban, and inſinuated himſelf with ſuch addreſs into the favour of the monarch, that he was ſoon appointed pacha and governor of ſeveral places in the Morea.

About this time the Turks were engaged in a war with the Venetians. He reſolved to avail himſelf of this circumſtance in order to effect a reconciliation with his native country. Accordingly he entered into a ſecret negociation with the Venetians, who not only obtained from the pope a complete abſolution for his change of religion, but likewiſe procured him a good benefice in Franche Comté.—Watteville, on his part, betrayed to them the places of which he was governor. He returned to his native province at the time of its invaſion by Louis XIV. and performed important ſervices for the crown of France, which enabled him to live in great ſtyle at Beſancon.

On the death of the archbiſhop the king nominated Watteville as his ſucceſſor, but the pope thinking it too groſs a mockery of religion to confer ſuch a high eccleſiaſtical dignity on a public murderer and renegado, peremptorily refuſed to confirm the appointment. Watteville was obliged to be content with two fat abbeys and the archdeaconry of Beſancon. Here he lived like a perſon of diſtinction, keeping a hunting equipage and a public table; and was feared and reſpected, at leaſt appa-

rently

rently, by all. He paid a visit from time to time to such of his brethren of the convent as were still alive, and died in 1710, at the advanced age of ninety years.

Medical Advice. A Fragment.

DOCTOR CAMOMILE had given his last circular directions to his coachman, and had placed his foot on the iron step to mount the vehicle of death, when it occurred to him that he had not desired Jehu to stop at the lodgings of mr. Addle. The omission was accordingly rectified, and the carriage proceeded.—Mr. Addle (the reader will never know if I let slip this opportunity of informing him) was also a disciple of Apollo, but practised in a different court. He wrote farces, composed songs, and manufactured pantomimes, at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms. Homer's chariot wheels kindled as they rolled; so did the ambition of mr. Addle.—He determined to write a comedy!—'I can prove mathematically,' said he, one evening, 'that a comedy is in quantity only equal to two farces and a half—egad, I'll set about it.'—Addle was a man of his word, and a man of business. In six weeks the comedy was written, rehearsed, acted, and—damned! This, you will say, was *no favour* to him—yes it was—it made a *clear stage* for his future farces, of which his muse produced seven in two years—a sort of two act anomalies

One knows not what to call,
Their generation's so equivocal.

Addle was now striking a bold stroke with his pen on the back of a washer woman's bill, when doctor Camomile having scaled three stories, interrupted his reverie—'Doctor, with me joy,' cried the enraptured bard.—'Joy, sir,' answered the descendant of Galen, smoothing his ruffles, 'what! joy of being sick?' 'No, sir,' replied the poet, 'joy of the luckiest thought in the world! I've written a farce called the Sheriffs' Prison. Scene the first, Green street. Pray remember the poor debtors—all the prisoners in the dumps in the first act, and every man John of them liberated in the second! How d'ye think I've brought that about?' 'By opening the gate, I suppose,' answered Camomile. 'No, you old Quiz,' replied Addle: 'by paying all their debts.' 'And pray whom do you gift with a liberality and ability so extensive,' enquired the doctor, 'whom, sir?' thundered the poet, 'why a British sailor to be sure. It's all the vogue! enter Ben Block—a sure card, all pitch and patriotism—tar and true blue. 'Here heave a-head you land lubbers—yo ho! tip us your starboard daddle. you mister keeper give us a list of all the poor unfortunate debtors, and what they are in limbo for. Haven't I got the prize money, (shewing a bag and shaking it) and didn't I fight by the side of that noble fellow (naming the last admiral who gained a victory). Hold my lads, I'll give you a toast. May the brave sons of Neptune never exchange the long tail of loyalty for the red cap of riot. That's your sort—if your scene lies ever so much inland, always lug in a sailor. I'll speak myself to Williams, about the sailor—he's the man for that part—that hitch of his trowsers is irresistible! 'Why, friend,' exclaimed doctor Camomile in amazement, 'you must be mad to talk to me in this strain. What have men of my profession to do with the things you have mentioned?'

Addle being by this time more composed, the doctor proceeded to examine his patient's pulse, and told him that he was of a feverish temperament, proceeding from too ardent a love of letters. 'My love of letters,' cried Addle, 'is only to be equalled by the love of a grocer for

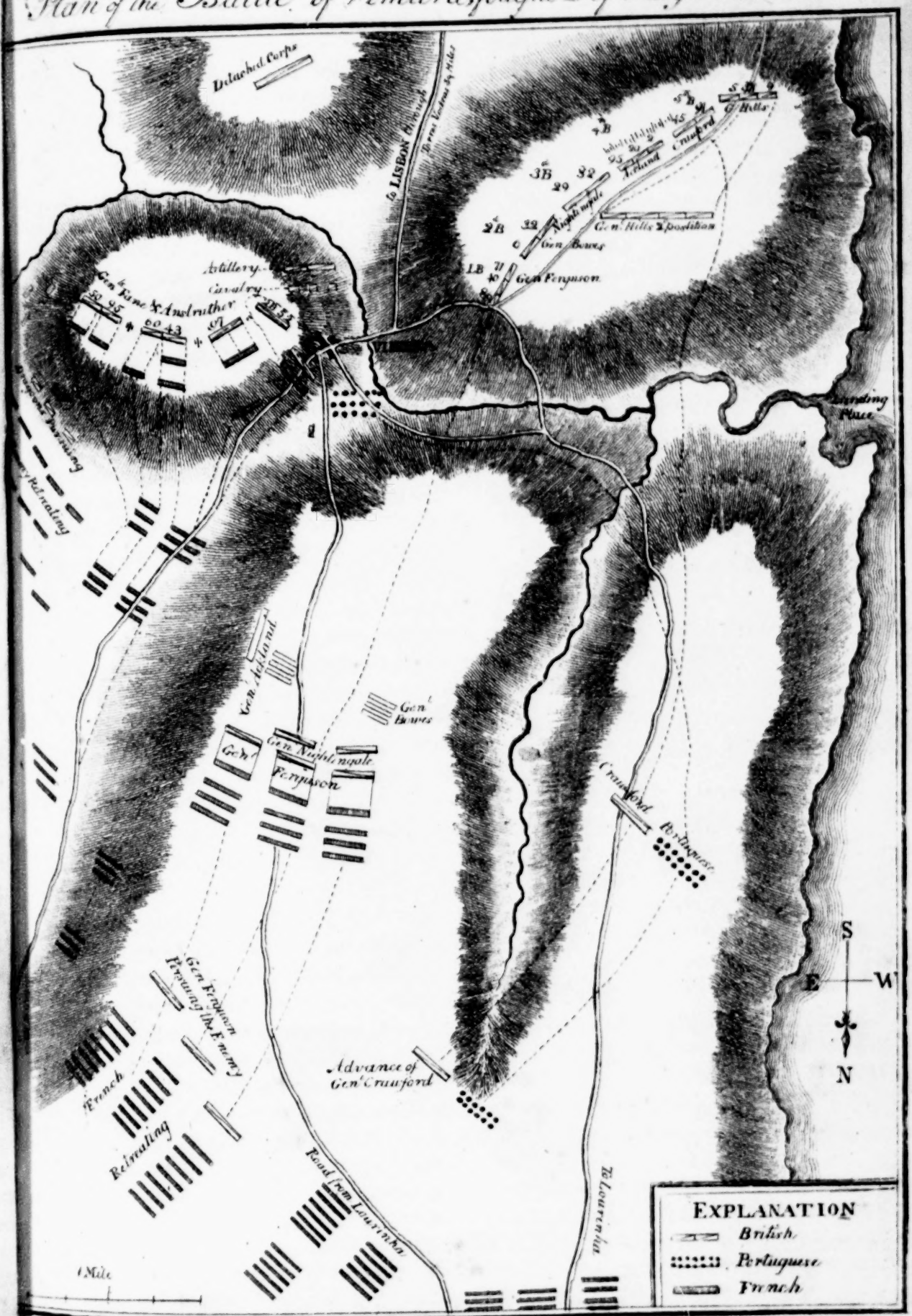
figs—but what do you preſcribe, my old boy.' 'I ſhould adviſe,' replied the phyſician, in terms of meaſured gravity, 'a gentle ride on horſeback, every morning—a generous diet, with a pint of Madeira per diem—and in the autumn a month's ſea-bathing.' 'Your preſcription,' cried Addle, 'likes me well, but pray who's to pay the piper? I ride no horſe but Pegaſus, and luckily he moves on wings, for a jolt in the ſtreets, might engender an unſeaſonable appetite.—Your generous diet with me depends upon a generous public, and the waters of Helicon loſe their virtues when mingled with Madeira. As to your bathing ſcheme, I have in my own opinion been going to *bathe* every ſeaſon for theſe ſeven years paſt, and yet the critics will have it that I am as dull as ever—Why doctor, you muſt be mad to talk to me in this ſtrain.—What have men of my profeſſion to do with the things you have mentioned?'

Heroic Feature of the Battle of Vimiera.

IN the order of battle on the morning of the 21ſt, the greater part of our infantry were poſted on a mountain between the village of Vimiera and the ſea, the eaſtern range of which reaches to the road leading from Lourinha to Liſbon, through the villages; this road leads over a a chain of heights ſeparated from the mountain by a deep ravine, which was flanked by the left of our main body, under the command of major-general Ferguſon. To the eaſtward of the village was our advanced guard, the cavalry and reſerve of artillery being in the valley through which runs the river Maceira; but the enemy having turned our left as early as eight in the morning, and detached ſeveral bodies of cavalry to occupy the road from Lourinha, the commander in chief judged that the attack would be principally on the left where brig. general Fane and Anſtruther were poſted with their brigades in advance, he therefore judiciouſly ordered major general Ferguſon to croſs the ravine and occupy the Lourinha road, in which movement he was alſo ſupported by brig. general Nightingale and his brigade. The enemy now made a deſperate attack on the advanced guard, from which however they were driven back with great gallantry by that ſmall part of the Britiſh army; but their *great exertion* was made at the ſame time on the Lourinha road againſt major general Ferguſon, ſupported by a powerful body of cavalry, and conducted with great ſkill. The major general's force conſiſted merely of the 36th, 40th, and 71ſt regiments, who ſtood firm on their ground to receive the attack; his ſpirit would have prompted him to *advance*, but prudence pointing out the advantage of his ground, he waited coolly whilſt they ruſhed on with the utmoſt impetuoſity to the charge, then advancing in front of his gallant companions, accompanied by his aid du camp, capt. Melliſh, waved his hat and exclaimed.—'Thirty-ſixth! fortieth! ſeventy-firſt! you are now to charge the enemy—remember to do your duty!'—Scarcely had he uttered the words when the enemy were within charging diſtance, and the three regiments with the general at their head, made a furious charge, and forced them not only to give way after an obſtinate conteſt in which many fell, but alſo to retire precipitately acroſs the valley, through which flows a ſmall river into the Maceira. This river the French had croſſed on a ſmall bridge without a parapet, but one of their guns being diſmounted by the fire of our artillery, ſtopped the paſſage againſt the others, ſo that preſſed cloſe as they were by our troops they were obliged to leave ſix pieces

of

Plan of the Battle of Vimiera, fought 21st of August 1808



The Plan is placed South uppermost in order to preserve the relative Situations of Right and Left as described in the Gazette

of their artillery behind them. Our victorious troops immediately croſſed the river after the flying enemy, when Junot, in order to recover his artillery, determined on a deſperate attempt, which he entruſted to general Kellerman with a force much ſuperior to general Ferguſon's brigade, and that of general Nightingale, which now had joined it; this force advanced in a maſſy column, having alſo the advantage of the ground, when general Welleſley by a moſt brilliant manœuvre ſettled the fate of the day. Sir Arthur being on a hill ſaw the advantage which the attacking column of the enemy had over our troops, he therefore ordered a feigned retreat, which was executed in ſlow time, until our men had repaſſed the rivulet and left the guns behind them; emboldened by this, the French advanced into the valley, when our troops halted, faced about, poured in a deſtructive fire, and then charging down hill, obliged this ſuperior body of men to fly in all directions with great ſlaughter, leaving their guns a ſecond time behind them, which were now finally taken poſſeſſion of by the Britiſh. Such is the particular feature here repreſented under the preciſe ideas ſuggeſted by major Campbell; of its accuracy there can be no doubt, and we feel confident that the ſuperior ſtyle in which it has been executed by our artiſt muſt render it an intereſting document, when added to the general details of the action; this is however but the delineation of one HISTORIC FACT, the *entire* movements of our gallant army will be beſt explained by a reference to the following PLAN of the battle, executed under *official authority*.

An Account of the Battle of Vimiera. With a Plate Explanatory of the Plan.

THE battle of Vimiera will be an important era in our hiſtory. It is one of thoſe deciſive occurrences which not only terminate a campaign, and annihilate the reſources of the enemy in that quarter, but produce a decided ſuperiority in the ſubſequent operations of the victors. In this it bears a ſtrong reſemblance to the battles of Marengo, Ulm, and Jena. It has changed completely the character of the war. The French, who had been for ſo many years in the habit of carrying fire and devaſtation into the ſtates of their enemies, and of ſubſiſting their armies at their expence, will now be reduced to the neceſſity of defending their own frontiers againſt an invading force.

The account tranſmitted by ſir Arthur Welleſley is ſo clear, ſo judicious, that it would be preſumption to add any thing to it.

The village of Vimiera ſtands in a valley, through which runs the river Maceira; at the back, and to the weſtward and northward of this village is a mountain, the weſtern point of which touches the ſea, and the eaſtern is ſeparated by a deep ravine from the heights, over which paſſes the road which leads from Lourinha and the northward to Vimiera. The greater part of the infantry, the 1ſt, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th and 8th brigades were poſted on this mountain, with eight pieces of artillery; major-gen. Hill's brigade being on the right, major-gen. Ferguſon's on the left, having one battalion on the heights, ſeparated from the mountain. On the eaſtern and ſouthern ſide of the town is a hill, which is entirely commanded, particularly on its right, by the mountain to the weſtward of the town, and commanding all the ground in the neighbourhood to the ſouthward and eaſtward on which brig. gen. Fane was poſted with his rifflemen, and the 50th regiment, brig. gen. Anſtruther with his brigade, with half a brigade of ſix-pounders and half a brigade of nine-pounders. The ground over

which

which paſſes the road from Lourinha, commanded the left of this height.

The cavalry and the reſerve of artillery were in the valley, between the hills on which the infantry ſtood; both flanking and ſupporting brigadier-general Fane's advanced guard.

The enemy firſt appeared at eight o'clock in the morning, in large bodies of cavalry on our left upon the heights on the road to Lourinha; and it was ſoon obvious that the attack would be made upon our advanced guard and the left of our poſition; and major-general Ferguſon's brigade was immediately moved acroſs the Ravine to the heights on the road to Lourinha, with three pieces of cannon; he was followed ſucceſſively by brig. general Nightingale with his brigade, and three pieces of cannon; brig. general Ackland with his brigade, and brig. general Bowes with his brigade. Theſe troops were formed (major-general Ferguſon's brigade in the firſt line; brig. general Nightingale's in the ſecond; and brig. general Bowes and Ackland's in columns in the rear) on thoſe heights, with their right upon the valley which leads into Vimiera; and their left upon the other Ravine, which ſeparates theſe heights from the range which terminates at the landing place at Maceira. On theſe laſt-mentioned heights, the Portugueſe troops which had been in the bottom, near Vimiera, were poſted in the firſt inſtance, and they were ſupported by brig. general Crauford's brigade.

The enemy's attack began in ſeveral columns upon the whole of the troops on this height, on the left they advanced, notwithſtanding the fire of the riflement, cloſe to the 50th regiment, and were checked and driven back only by the bayonets of that corps. The 2d battalion of the 43d was likewiſe cloſely engaged with them in the road which leads into Vimiera; a part of that corps having been ordered into the church-yard to prevent them from penetrating into the town. On the right of the poſition they were repulſed by the bayonets of the 97th regiment, which corps was ſucceſsfully ſupported by the 2d battalion of the 52d, which, by an advance in column, took the enemy in flank.

Nearly at the ſame time the enemy's attack commenced on the road to Lourinha. This attack was ſupported by a large body of cavalry, and was made with the uſual impetuoſity of the French troops. It was received with ſteadineſs by major general Ferguſon's brigade, conſiſting of the 36th, 40th and 71ſt regiments; and theſe corps charged as ſoon as the enemy approached them, who gave way, and they continued to advance upon him ſupported by the 82d, one of the corps of brigadier general Nightingale's brigade, which, as the ground extended, afterwards formed a part of the firſt line, by the 29th regiment, and by brigadier general Bowes and Ackland's brigade, while brig. general Crauford's brigade, and the Portugueſe troops, in two lines, advanced along the height on the left. In the advance of major general Ferguſon's brigade ſix pieces of cannon were taken from the enemy, with many priſoners, and vaſt numbers were killed and wounded.

The enemy afterwards made an attempt to recover a part of his artillery by attacking the 71ſt and 82d regiment, which were halted in a valley in which it had been taken. Theſe regiments retired from the low grounds in the valley to the heights, where they halted, faced about, fired, and advanced upon the enemy, who had by that time arrived in the low ground, and they thus obliged him again to retire with great loſs.

In this action in which the whole of the French force in Portugal was employed under the command of the duke D'Abrantes in perſon, in which

the enemy was certainly ſuperior in cavalry and artillery, and in which not more than half of the Britiſh army was actually engaged, he has ſuſtained a ſignal defeat, and has loſt 13 pieces of cannon, 23 ammunition waggons, with powder, ſhells, ſtores of all deſcriptions and 20,000 rounds of muſquet ammunition. One general officer (Bernier) has been wounded and taken priſoner, and a great many officers and ſoldiers have been killed, wounded, and taken.

Anecdotes of the French Staff in Portugal.

GENERAL LOISON who, on his arrival from Spain became ſecond in command, was ſome time ago, third in command of the army of England, and no doubt feels himſelf peculiarly happy in meeting the *ſhop-keepers* on Portugueſe ground. Like his commanding officer he roſe from the ranks, having been in the life guards, where he was one of the firſt that was warped from loyalty and allegiance to his ſovereign by jacobin emiſſaries. Vain and preſumptuous he aſpired to command, and obtruded himſelf frequently on La Fayette as deſerving of promotion in the national guards; but not having received any education (indeed he was totally unable to read or write) this requeſt was not complied with, which inſpired him with ſuch a ſpirit of revenge that this enlightened citizen became one of his firſt accuſers in the jacobin club, denouncing Fayette's neglect of patriotic merit, of which he modeſtly adduced himſelf as a proof, as indicative of concealed ariſtocracy, and of treaſon againſt the rights of man. When the atrocious attack was made on the Thuilleries on the memorable 10th of Auguſt, he was conſpicuous as a leader of the active citizens, and joined loudly in the yells of 'no quarter—kill the ariſtocrats,' &c. and having at the head of a ſtrong party of the rabble, made a cowardly attack on four of the Swiſs, he was ſo warmly received that many of his party were killed and wounded. Among the latter he was numbered himſelf, for a dangerous bayonet wound ſent him to an hoſpital for ſome months, where it is ſaid he obtained ſome little inſtruction to fit him for the part he had ſince to perform in the revolution. His conduct on the 10th recommended him to Marat, Robeſpierre, and the other blood-thirſty demagogues, and on his recovery he was appointed commanding officer of a national battalion deſtined for ſervice with the army of Ardennes; here indeed he had no opportunity of diſtinguiſhing himſelf as a warrior, but his civic virtue in the military jacobin clubs ſoon raiſed him to the ſtation of *chef de brigade*. When Barras at the head of his party in the convention, brought forward the motion for the re-election of the *two thirds*, it was at firſt difficult to find any military characters to command the troops attached to their cauſe, at laſt Bonaparte and Loiſon were ſelected and proved themſelves *worthy* of the truſt repoſed in them by the indiſcriminate maſſacre of 8000 *ſouls*—we beg their pardon—8000 *bodies*, for at that time there were no *ſouls* at Paris. Loiſon was now appointed preſident of the military tribunal of St. Roch, where he gave full ſwing to his tyrannical diſpoſition, but as he ſeemed inclined to puſh for the fair hand of the *immaculate* Joſephine, then under the protection of Barras, his friend Bonaparte by his intereſt with Carnot, procured him a command in Holland, where he conſoled himſelf like a true *ſans culottes* for the loſs of the future empreſs, by pulling off the Dutchmen's breeches. He is ſuppoſed by his infamous extortions to have realiſed 50,000l. in Holland, but on his return to Paris, by the aſſiſtance of a miſtreſs and a gambling-houſe,

he contrived to bring himself to his original state of equality. He was an active assistant to Napoleon in his attack on the Directory previous to the formation of the Consulate, and was afterwards present at the battle of Morengo, but it is said that he declined a command in the St. Domingo army under Le Clere, not being inclined to give up the pleasures of Paris for West-Indian luxury: he is represented as ignorantly talkative and eager to push his opinions on every subject, and has been accused even by his friends of being prodigal of the lives of his troops; and his conduct in his route from Spain until his junction with Junot, has sufficiently shewn that rapine, extortion, and murder are still considered by him as true imperial republican virtues.

GENERAL KELLERMAN.—The French were always remarkable for a species of *brusquerie*, but more particularly so, since the revolution; the impertinent ease with which Kellerman made his observation on the *hard biscuit* at general Wellesley's table, has a parallel in his conduct at Paris, during the stay of the pope at that capital At one of the *holy* drawing-rooms, where the pious Bonaparte had placed himself between the two cardinals, Bellois and Bernier (perhaps in imitation of our Richard the third, as Shakspeare so inimitably describes him appearing to the good citizens of London between two holy men) as if to seclude himself from the conversation of the profane sinners around him; the whole tribe of grand vicars, grand bishops, and courtly grand almoners, charmed with the devotional *debut* of the emperor, surrounded him like rays of celestial glory, when the *etourdi* general observed *rather* loudly, 'Had Bonaparte always been encompassed by troops of this class, he might indeed have sung psalms with the saints above, but he would never have reigned as an emperor below.' This unlucky sally was overheard by Louis Bonaparte, and monsieur Kellerman received orders to proceed next morning for Hanover, and place himself on the staff of a general younger than himself; nor would he even have escaped so well, had it not been for the interest of the elder Kellerman, whose influence with Duroc saved him from any other punishment.

Extracts from Magill's Travels in Turkey, Italy, and Russia.

'THE method of horse-racing in Italy is singular: the horses run without riders, and to urge them on, little balls with sharp points in them are hung to their sides, which when the horse is employed in the race, act like spurs; they have also pieces of tin-foil fastened on their hinder parts, which, as the animals rush through the air, make a loud rustling noise and frigten them forward; I was much amused with the horse-races at Ancona. A gun is fired when they first start, that preparations may be made to receive them at the farther end! when they have run half-way another gun is fired, and a third when they arrive at the goal. To ascertain without dispute which wins the race, across the winning post, a thread is stretched, dipped in red lead, which the victor breaking, it leaves a red mark on his chest, and this mark is decisive. The first race was declared unfair, as one horse had started before the rest, and the governor ordered another to be run the following evening.

'To guard the course, a great number of Roman soldiers under arms were ranged on each side of it, from one end to the other. The morning after the first race, the wind blew from the north, and was rather cold; I was sitting with his excellency the governor, seignor Vidoni, when a messenger arrived from the general

general, with his compliments, requesting that the race might be deferred till another day, as he thought the weather too cold to put his troops under arms; the governor replied to him, that 'as the weather was not too cold for the ladies, he thought it was not too much so for Roman soldiers.' I have seen on a day which only threatened rain, a guard of Romans turn out, every one of which had an umbrella under his arm, the drummer and fifer alone excepted.

'A circumstance occured here, which although at the time it alarmed me not a little, afforded me afterward much entertainment. Being in bed one morning about four o'clock I heard the captain, who was a rigid Roman catholic, come into the cabin, and striking on his breast, call on the holy virgin in the most energetic manner, 'Santa Maria, Santa Maria, what have I done to merit this treatment? Save me, save me!' I looked out of the state room, and asked him, what was the matter? 'What!' cried he, 'did you not feel us strike? We shall be on shore presently?' I sprang out of bed and ran to the cabin windows, when I found we were about a quarter of a mile from the land, in very deep water, and that the sea was as smooth as a looking glass, but a gentle counter-current was carrying us along shore, and the captain was afraid of a promontory of land, which was still at a considerable distance. Sliping on some clothes, I went upon deck, where I found that the same consternation had seized the whole crew: on one of the finest mornings that ever arose, some were invoking the virgin, others calling on Saint Antonio, and one, a greater fool than the rest, had lighted a holy candle, which had been blessed at Padua, and given to him by his confessor, to preserve him in any great danger; all this time the helm was abandoned, and the ship entirely left to herself. I took the helm, and calling to some who were not quite so devout as the rest, to brace round the head yards, a gentle zephyr filled them, and we swung round the point without the smallest difficulty or danger. Every one now extolled his own saint above that of another, and even quarelled about which of them had preserved us; in this altercation the fellow with the candle was louder than any of the rest, and attributed to that, the salvation of the ship and of our lives.'

A Poetical Recipe for the Asthma.

SIR,

GOUT and *rheumatism* have found shelter in your pages, and perhaps many may be now deriving ease and benefit from the remedies you have promulgated. Then why not *asthma*, a disease (and I speak from experience) as afflictive as either of the above? To be sure my recipe has not such a grave appearance as my predecessors; but Apollo is the god of physic and of poetry too: and why may not his disciples use both when they can? That the remedies and precautions contained in the following are *practically good*, I myself know: and it is something novel to have a poetical recipe.

I remain, &c.

SHORTBREATH.

COME, old friend, accept of me
The following rules, without a fee.
An asthma is your case, I think,
So you must neither eat nor drink:
I mean of meats preserved in salt,
Nor any liquors made from malt;
From season'd sauce avert your eyes,
From hams and tongues and pigeon pies:
If venisons pasty's set before ye,
Each bit you eat—*memento mori.*
Your supper, nothing if you please,
But above all, no toasted cheese.
'Tis likely you will now observe,
What I prescribe will make you starve:
No; I allow you at a meal,
Part of a neck, loin, or leg of veal;
Young turkeys too, I'll let you eat;
Patridges and pullets, by way of treat:
House-lamb boiled, I suffer too—
The devil's in't if that won't do.

Now,

Now, as to liquor, why, indeed,
Might I advise, it should be mead;
Glasses of wine, to extinguish drought—
Drink two with water, three without,
Let constant exercise be try'd,
And sometimes walk, and sometimes ride.
Health's oftener found on Summer-hill
Than in the doctor's nauseous pill.
Be not in haste, nor think to do
Your business with a purge or two;
Some, if they are not well at once,
Proclaim the doctor for a dunce:
Restless from quack to quack they range,
When 'tis themselves they ought to change.
Nature hates violence and force,
By method led and gentle course:
Rules and restraints you must endure—
Ills brought by time, 'tis time must cure.
The use of vegetables try,
And prize Pomono in a pye:
Young Bacchus' rites you must avoid,
And leave fair Venus unenjoy'd.
Whate'er you take put something good in,
And worship Ceres in a pudding.
For breakfast, it is my advice,
Eat gruel, sago, barley, rice;
Take burdoch roots, and by my troth,
I'd mingle daiseys in the broth.

Thus you with ease may draw your breath,
Deluding what you dread not—death:
Laugh with your friends, be gay, and thrive,
Inrich'd by those whom you survive.

To the Editor.

SIR,

IN looking over some old observators (dated 17th July and 17th August, 1706,) the enclosed ADVERTISEMENTS took my attention: they allude to the war of the succession in Spain, and to the retreat of Philip from Madrid. The extraordinary coincidence of the circumstances with those of the present day, after the lapse of a century, may, perhaps, render them worthy a place in your Magazine. Your historical readers will recollect, that Philip, duke of Anjou, was grandson to Lewis XIV. and was finally acknowledged king of Spain at the treaty of Utrecht, by the title of Philip V.

27th August, 1808. X. C.

WHEREAS Philip d'Anjou, a native of France, but lately an inhabitant of Madrid, in the kingdom of Spain, somewhat tall of stature, of a fair complexion, and aged about 22, did, some time last month, run away from Madrid, and wickedly, feloniously, and treacherously take away, and carry away with him several jewels and other goods of a considerable value:* These are therefore to desire all persons to apprehend the said Philip, d'Anjou, &c. and give notice thereof to any of king Charles the third's public ministers or officers of justice, so as the said Philip may be brought to condign punishment for this his great crime and misdemeanor; and for so doing they shall be had in great esteem by all true lovers of liberty and property, and receive a very great reward of his catholic majesty.

And in case the said Philip d'Anjou shall, on or before the 15th of August next, come and surrender himself, the jewels and other goods that he hath stolen, to any of his catholic majesty's ministers at Madrid, the said Philip shall not only receive a par don, but the reward of one mule and three asses to carry himself and attendants to Paris.

God save king CHARLES.

WHEREAS a statute of bankrupt is awarded against Philip d'Anjou, late of Madrid, in the kingdom of Spain, jeweller (the time formerly given him being elapsed:) These are to will and to require the said Philip Anjou to surrender himself, according to the late act of parliament, to the commissioners named in the said statute, and deliver up all upon oath, within the time limited by the said act. But considering the youth and immaturity of the judgment of the said Philip Anjou, and that he has

NOTE.

* Philip on the approach of the earl of Galway, at the head of the confederate army, quitted Madrid, and 'sent his queen with all its valuable effects to Burgos, whither he followed her in person, after having destroyed every thing he could not carry away.'—*Smollet.*

contract-

contracted many debts, committed many robberies, and cheated divers persons by the instigation and wicked advice of Lewis Mazarine, of Paris, in the kingdom of France, butcher, he is allowed by his creditors five per cent. more than the act allows, provided he does, in ten days less than is by the said act limited, surrender himself to Rand, the devil, the sole assignee in the said statute; otherwise he will be prosecuted according to law.

Inscription at Lissanoure Castle, the seat of the late Earl Macartney, in the County of Antrim.

Sub libertate
Quieti.
Hos avitos agros, has Ædes restitutos et ornatas
D. D. D.
Georgius Comes de Macartney, Vicomes de Macartney de Dervock, Dominus Macartney, Baro de Lissanoure, in Regno Hiberniæ, Baro Macartney de Parkhurst et de Auchinleck in Regno Magnæ Britanniæ, Ordinis Regii et perantiqui Aquilæ Albæ, necnon Ordinis præhonorabilis de Balneo Eques; et Regi a Sanctioribus Consiliis utriusque Regni, in patriam redux
anno 1796.
Erin nos genuit, vidit nos Africa, Gangem
Hausimus; Europæ plagas fere visimus omnes;
Nec latuit regio primum patefacta Columbo.
Sinarum licuit dextram tetigisse Tyranni,
Tartaricos montes Magum et transcendere montes,
Turbidaque impavidi tentavimus alta Pechelæ,
Hactenus Europæ nullis sulcata carinis.
Casibus et variis acti terraque marique,
Sistimus hic tandem, atque Lares veneramur avorum

Extraordinary Female Duel.

NOTWITHSTANDING the great number of duels which are continually occurring, the history of late years does not present us with such a singular rencontre as took place in France in the earlier part of the last century. We extract the following account of it from Meiners' interesting *History of the Female Sex.*

The duke de Richelieu was the cause of an unprecedented duel between two women, madame de Polignac and madame de Nesle, who disputed the possession of him. The duke had repeatedly refused to see the former, but this was of no avail. Madame de Polignac still loved her inconstant gallant with as much ardour as ever, and was therefore jealous of all the ladies who had succeeded her, not singly but in troops. Tortured by jealousy, she one day met Madame de Nesle, and challenged her to fight with pistols in the Bois de Boulogne. Madame de Nesle eagerly accepted the challenge, being animated by the same spirit, as her fair antagonist, and hoping either to kill her rival, and thus remain in undisturbed possession of her lover, or to evince the strength of her attachment, and the ardour of her passion, by an honourable death. The ladies met, and fired at each other. Madame de Nesle fell, and her fair bosom was covered with blood, 'Come on,' exclaimed her antagonist, 'I will teach you the consequences of robbing a woman like me of her lover; if I had the perfidious creature in my power I would tear out her heart as I have blown out her brains.'

A young man who heard these cruel words, begged her to moderate herself and not to exult over her unfortunate opponent, whose courage, at least, could not but command her

respect

reſpect. 'Silence, young coxcomb,' cried madame de Polignac, 'it does not become you to preſume to give me inſtruction.'

Madame de Neſle was not wounded in the breaſt, as had at firſt been feared, but very ſlightly in the ſhoulder. On coming to herſelf, ſome perſon aſked her if the lover, for whoſe ſake ſhe had fought, was worth her expoſing herſelf to ſuch a riſk for him? 'O yes,' replied ſhe, he deſerves much better blood than what circulates in my veins to be ſhed for him. He is the moſt amiable man of the whole court; all the ladies lay ſnares for him; but I hope, after this proof of love which I have given, to obtain the excluſive poſſeſſion of his heart. I am under too great obligations to you,' continued ſhe, 'to conceal his name:—it is the duke de Richelieu; yes, the duke de Richelieu, the firſt born of the god of war, and the goddeſs of love.'

Britiſh Theatrical Journal.

HAYMARKET, AUGUST 31.

A NEW muſical farce, called 'YES OR NO?' was preſented for the firſt time; the characters of which were as follow, and thus repreſented:

Sir Barometer Oldſtyle, mr. Grove; Obadiah Broadbrim, mr. Liſton; Charles Fervor, mr. Farley; William Seagrave, mr. Palmer jun.; Drab, mr. Noble; Corporal Barrel, mr. Matthews; Gaiter, mr. Treby; Flint, mr. Cooke; Cartouche, mr. Wilſon; Landlord, mr. Atkins; Waiter, mr. Wilkins; Poſtboy, mr. Menage; Firſt Bailiff, mr. Male; Second Bailiff, mr. Truman. Soldiers, Recruits, Waiters, &c.—Miſs Penelope Snap Oldſtyle, mrs. Davenport; Patty Seagrave, mrs. Liſton.

Sir Barometer Oldſtyle is the guardian of Fervor, a ſpirited and generous young officer, who, having obtained permiſſion to raiſe a company, arrives for that purpoſe at a country town, in which reſide William and Patty Seagrave, whom Fervor had very much aſſiſted. They at this time are reduced to the greateſt diſtreſs; which is further increaſed by their landlord (Broadbrim) having deſired Fervor, whom ſir Barometer had placed under his ſuperintendance, to inſiſt upon the payment of their rent, and which is the only means Fervor poſſeſſes of raiſing money for his recruiting. Broadrim has at the ſame time prejudiced ſir Barometer againſt his ward, and, to confirm thoſe prejudices, arrives at the country town nearly at the ſame time with ſir Barometer, and his ſiſter, miſs Penelope Snap Oldſtyle, where his artifices are diſcovered by means of Barrel, a drunken corporal of Fervor's. Sir Barometor and his ſiſter are conſequently reconciled to Fervor, who receives their conſent to marry Patty Seagrave, to whom he has long been attached.

This farce, we underſtand, is the maiden production of mr. POCOCKE, a very ingenious young artiſt, a pupil with ſir William Beechey. He has combined ſeveral whimſical ſituations, and ſketched a comic outline in which many inſtances, was ſucceſsfully filled up by the talents of the various performers. The piece is lively, and full of buſtle; but the intereſt is produced more by the *corporeal* exertions of the *dramatis perſonæ* than by the mental efforts of the author. The actors are continually ſkipping about, as if they were affected with St. Vitus's dance; and the farce has, at leaſt, this unqueſtionable merit, that, in the play-houſe phraſe, it never ſtands ſtill a moment; in ſhort, it is ſprightly, inoffenſive, and entertaining and its repitition was announced with general approbation.

DRURY-LANE, SEPT. 17.

This ſplendid theatre opened for the winter ſeaſon with *The Honey Moon* and

and *Roſina*. Meſſrs. Elliſton, Wroughton, Matthews, Penley, and Ruſſel; miſſes Duncan, Mellon, and Lyon; and meſdames Sparkes and Bland, received the moſt flattering teſtimonies of welcome; and the performances went off with great ſpirit. The theatre preſented almoſt as freſh and magnificent an appearance as when it was firſt ſubmitted to public inſpection. The pillars that ſupport the branches have been new gilt, and the houſe is brilliantly lighted.—Four new private boxes are added to thoſe on a level with the firſt gallery: but we do not mention this as any *improvement*.

20.] Mrs. Corri, wife of the celebrated compoſer of that name, made her firſt appearance on any ſtage, in the character of *Ophelia*, and was favourably received. As an actreſs, ſhe has ſomething to learn; but her vocal powers are very reſpectable: her voice is at once ſweet and ſtrong, and, her ſtyle ſimple and pleaſing.

22.] At the ſame theatre, a mr. Scriven from Edinburgh, made his *debût* as *Hodge*, in *Love in a Village*. He is by no means deficient in ſpirit or confidence, and in all his acting evinced the *old ſtager*; but we in vain looked for any proofs of excellence, or original genius; and therefore we can ſcarcely ſee what line of buſineſs is open for him, in an eſtabliſhment that already includes Penley, Matthews, and Banniſter.

Mr. Gibbon, for the firſt time, took the character of *Young Meadows*, and ſhewed manifeſt ſigns of improvement as a ſinger.

COVENT GARDEN.

This theatre opened on Monday, September 12th, with the tragedy of *Macbeth*, and the farce of *Raiſing the Wind*; and the attractions of mr. Kemble and mrs. Siddons produced an audience as numerous as in the very height of the ſeaſon.

If our memory do not deceive us the *Macbeth* of the former was performed this evening with ſome improvements of conception, particularly in the early part of the play, and which ſhew the unceaſing attention that mr. Kemble thinks neceſſary to a due performance of Shakſpeare. His delivery of the ſoliloquy, 'Is this a dagger, &c.' was excellent, eſpecially the half aſſured pleaſure with which he uttered

'Tis no ſuch thing'.

when the illuſion no longer cheated his ſight; and his acting in the ſubſequent ſcene, after the murder of the 'gracious Duncan.' was ſolemn and impreſſive. Nor muſt we forget the laſt ſcene, before he engages with *Macduff*. The glow of exultation, the look of mingled mockery, contempt, and confidence with which he exclaimed

'Let fall your force on vulnerable creſts:
I bear a charmed life which muſt not yield
To one of woman born.'

were ſuch ſtrokes of nature as would be difficult to find in any other actor.

Mrs. Siddons in *Lady Macbeth*, that monſter of Shakſpeare's own creation, was grand and forceful. In her inſtigations to her irreſolute huſband, her manner was combined with ſuch a piercing contempt, ſuch a diſdainful reproaching, that the mind felt no ſurpriſe at the yielding of *Macbeth*. In the banquet ſcene ſhe diſplayed her powers to great advantage, and with that ſcene ends all the importance of the character.

Of the other performers, nothing ſeems neceſſary to be remarked. In the afterpiece Lewis, Emery, and Simmons, excited ſufficient merriment.

16.] *Iſabella—The Eſcapes; or, the Water Carrier*. Here mrs Siddons appeared in a character which calls forth powers diametrically oppoſite to thoſe required by *Lady Macbeth*. In the latter, dignity, firmneſs, a maſculine contempt of dan-

ger,

ger, a ferocious diſregard of crimes, a ſanguinary ambition, are to be pourtrayed. In the former, meekneſs, ſorrow, the fidelity of wedded love, the wailings of maternal ſorrow, and the horror, deſpair, and madneſs of involuntary guilt, muſt be exhibited; and who that has ſeen mrs. Siddons in *Iſabella* will deny that all theſe paſſions are ſummoned forth by her magic controul, in the moſt impreſſive manner. We do not think it neceſſary to deſcant minutely on a character, the performance of which has for thirty years called forth the tears and admiration of thouſands; ſuffice it to add, that time has robbed it of none of its graces, of none of its attractions.

We have always been of opinion, that the part of *Biron* is too unimportant for the powers of Kemble: yet, when we ſaw him in the dying ſcene, we ſcarcely wiſhed it in the hands of any other. Mr. C. Kemble performed *Carlos* with much diſcrimination and effect, and mr. Brunton was leſs frigid and monotonous in *Villeroy* than uſual.

19] *Pizarro—Portrait of Cervantes; or, The Plotting Lovers.* The *Rolla* of Kemble and the *Elvira* of mrs. Siddons are ſcarcely ſuſceptible of critical obſervation at this day: and the only novelty of this evening was the *Cora* of mrs. H. Johnſtone. This character, generally ſpeaking, ſhe performed with ſpirit and propriety: but there was too much buſtle in her manner, too much action, too much ſkipping backwards and forwards, and too many conſtrained attitudes. It was her firſt appearance in the character, and ſhould ſhe perform it again, we hope to ſee her amend theſe things. We were certainly pleaſed with many parts of her performance, and we thought her conception of it accurate; but we occaſionally noticed an affected and pompous utterance of inſignificant words and phraſes, which to be ſure did ſurpriſe a part of the audience into applauſe; but it was far removed from chaſte and good acting.

Anecdote of Oliver Cromwell

IT is a ſingular circumſtance, and not hiſtorically known, that this extraordinary man had, at a very early period of his life, a bloody quarrel with that prince, whom he afterwards, at the head of the republican party, cauſed to be beheaded on the ſcaffold. The occaſion of the quarrel was this; about three years after the acceſſion of king James the VIth to the throne of England, the earl of Mar, who had the charge of his majeſty's ſecond ſon, Charles duke of Albany, at the palace of Dunfermiline, Scotland, received a commiſſion to bring his royal pupil to London, and, on his way thither, to paſs ſome days at Huntington, at the houſe of Richard Oliver, the father of the famous Oliver, and who was married to a daughter of ſir Richard Stuart, of Ely, whoſe anceſtor ſprung from the royal family of Scotland, in the reign of Robert III. It is obſervable that, on account of this relationſhip, king James himſelf alſo ſpent two days at Richard Cromwell's houſe, on his way from Scotland. In compliance with his inſtructions, the earl of Mar, and his young royal charge, did paſs ſeveral days at Huntington, during which Chs. and Oliver, who were nearly of the ſame age, had ſeveral ſkirmiſhes. Walking one day in the garden, their differences roſe ſo high, that a boxing match enſued; the conſequence was, that Charles, though older by one year, was worſted, and retired from the ſcene of battle with a *bloody noſe*. Oliver being ſeverely corrected for the daring act he had committed, indignantly ſaid, 'I hope yet to knock the head of the Scotch dog off, inſtead of giving him a bloody noſe.'

For

For the Hibernian Magazine.

On the Natural and Chemical Hiſtory of Water.

'Nymphs! your bright ſquadrons watch with chemic eyes
The cold elaſtic vapours as they riſe;
With playful face arreſt them as they paſs,
And to pure air betroth the flaming gas.
Round their tranſlucent forms, at once they fling
Their rapturous arms, with ſilver boſoms cling;
In fleecy clouds their fluttering wings extend,
Or from the ſkies in lucid ſhowers deſcend;
Whence rills and rivers owe their ſecret birth,
And ocean's hundred arms infold the earth.
DARWIN.

WATER has been defined by philoſophers to be a ponderous, tranſparent, and inodorous fluid, deſtitute of elaſticity and colour, ſuſceptible of motion to an extreme degree, and capable of paſſing through the various ſtates of aggregation, from the ſolidity of ice to that of fluidity or elaſtic tenuity.

The natural philoſopher views it as exiſting in maſſes over the globe, running in channels along its ſurface, or filling its ſubterraneous cavities; he obſerves it juſtly admiring the wiſdom of the Deity in its ſucceſſive paſſages from the earth and ſea, into the atmoſphere, its return from thence, and depoſiting itſelf in rain, miſts, or clouds, enveloping the tops of hills, thence producing ſprings, fountains, rivulets, and rivers, the laſt of which, directing their headlong and impetuous courſe to their grand reſervoir the ſea, there he beholds it dread and majeſtic grandeur, agitated with tremendous motions, the currents and waves riſing in immenſe liquid mountains, encreaſing on the limits of the earth, and threatening it with inſtant deſolation. Or, on the other hand as an extended plane, ſmooth and reflective as the poliſhed mirror.

Water was long imagined to be capable of aſſuming a vaſt variety of forms without ſuffering any alteration in its nature; hence it was denominated an element. The hypotheſis was at once overcome by the ingenious and admirably contrived experiments of the ill-fated Lavouſier's irreparable loſs to chemiſtry and all the œconomical arts with which it is connected. This great and unrivaled character has proved that water is a compound body, conſiſting of the baſe of oxygen and hydrogen gaſes, in the proportion of eighty-five parts by weight of oxygen, and fifteen parts by weight of hydrogen, together with a ſuitable proportion of calorique—this diſcovery he effected by analyſis. Meſſrs. D. Le Place, Monge, Meunier, and Fourcroy, in France, have corroborated his ſtatement thereof; and Cavendiſh, in England, has by ſyntheſis, confirmed his and their inductions. This doctrine of water has been univerſally received by all the philoſophers of Europe. It is undoubtedly one of the moſt important and intereſting diſcoveries that ever was made in chemiſtry: it explains many of the different phenomenons of nature which heretofore appeared exceedingly myſterious—the means whereby nature ſupplies the conſtant waſte of our atmoſphere, and particularly that of oxygen, one of its eſſential and principal conſtituents, the manner in which plants are ſupplied with nouriſhment, and the doctrine of fermentation which was before not at all, or at leaſt, imperfectly underſtood. Theſe, by this ſingle diſcovery, appear elucidated in the cleareſt and moſt beautiful manner.

The great and celebrated names of Kirwin and Prieſtly have appeared in oppoſition to thoſe facts; but the former, with that diſintereſted ſpirit which is the acknowledged attribute of his mind, has become a convert to the Lavoiſierian ſyſtem, and now ſupports thoſe very doctrines which he

he once condemned. Not ſo the ill-requited Prieſtly, the victim of a miniſterial mob! whoſe labours in the field of ſcience, were, perhaps, unmatched, ſupported thoſe opinions which he once formed, to the termination of his life, in the moſt ſtrenuous manner.

Air enters into combination with water. This is indiſputably proved by the air-pump: for on exhauſting the receiver, bubbles of air immediately ariſe from the water, exhibiting the appearance of ebullition; its pleaſant and agreeable taſte is owing to the air with which it is thus combined, particularly that denominated carbonic acid gas. On the contrary, water is again ſoluble, and enters into combination with air; this has been proved by a multiplicity of proceſſes. The ingenious experiments of a French philoſopher, whoſe name I cannot immediately recollect, but who paid particular and minute attention to this branch of phyſiology, has ſhewn that the drieſt air, if confined in a flaſk, and reduced to a low degree of temperature, exhibit a precipitate of water. On this principle can be explained the damp or dew which falls from the atmoſphere, encreaſing gradually as the ſun gets below the horizon.

The waters of ſeas, lakes, rivers, ſprings, fountains, &c. as preſented by nature, are far from being pure—they abound impregnated with earthy mineral, or ſaline acidulous matters, holding thoſe in ſolution more or leſs, according to the degree of temperature of the water. Its weight is uſed as the ſtandard of ſpecific gravity; and from its capacity of heat, it is aſſumed as the ſtandard of compariſon for other bodies. Under a certain preſſure of the atmoſphere, its changes from ſolidity to fluidity and elaſticity are taken at the fixed points of thermometers.

It enters into the compoſition of animal and vegetable fluids, and is even a conſtituent principle of the ſolid parts of thoſe bodies. It exiſts in the moſt denſe calcarious ſtones and bones, and indeed in almoſt all natural bodies.

Its natural ſtate, chemically conſidered, ſeems to be in the ſtate of ice; for in that ſtate its aggregate force is ſtrongeſt.

Water is a ſubſtance which enters into ſo many operations of nature and art, that volumes might be written on its properties and effects

Kilkenny. C. S—r.

To the Editor.

SIR,

HAPPENING the other day to take up a novel which my daughter was reading, (and which I heard greatly admired for the beauty of its ſtile among the faſhionables) fearce a page I peruſed but contained (what appeared to me very ludicrous) the following ſentence—'I threw myſelf into a chaiſe.' Now, mr. Editor, as I am an odd fellow, turned of ſixty three, and not properly acquainted with the *new ſchool*, I ſhould be happy to know how young ladies and gentlemen contrive to throw themſelves from inns, garden gates, &c. into poſt-chaiſes without being hurted.—I ſhould not trouble you, but was I to enquire this meaning from any of my faſhionable friends, they would laugh at my ignorance; ſo if you will ſatisfy me on the ſubject, you will much oblige your's, &c.

PATRICK O'PHELIMY.

Dundrum, Sept. 14, 1808.

Reflection.

PROBITY, ſays Lavater, has good views, wholly good and only good. It may always avow them to the man of integrity, who, on his part, has only laudable views; at leaſt nothing obliges it to conceal its deſigns when they are attained, or when their attainment can no longer be prevented.

The Adventures of a Walking Stick.
By S. Y.

Yes, even my foes will shed fast falling tears,
And say, 'Alas! it was a piteous deed!'
SHAKSPEARE.

I FELL an acorn from my mother oak, and took root under her shadowy boughs, and grew unmolested till I became a fair and handsome sapling, and promised one day or other to become an ornament to the forest; but, alas! one fatal morn for me, I was, by an unruly hand, torn up by the roots, and soon metamorphosed into a walking-stick. Alas! to me,

——'the Spring the Summer,
The chilling Autumn, angry Winter change
Their wonted liveries, and th' 'mazed world
——now knows not which is which.'

To pass over a part of my early sorrow, I, by some means or other, fell into the hands of a mr. H****, a sort of hopeless lover; and the scences I witnessed it is here unnecessary to to mention; suffice it to say, I was aware that he felt a great partiality for a miss Vowell, and I often accompanied him to her house.

——''Twas pretty, tho' a plague
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye——

But, alas! for poor mr. H——, his efforts were vain, although he cherished the hope. Miss Vowell paid him but a cool return: and one evening he went from her almost frantic, and left me behind him, although he had several miles to walk home: his mind and thoughts were wholly occupied in thinking of the dear (yet capricious) maiden: poor fellow! he trudged home in a sad, sad state, all alone:—

Up, springs at every st-p to claim a tear,
Some little friendship form'd and cherish'd here.'

I was now very carefully deposited behind the clock, and there I remained for some time, till mr Vowell (the brother of miss V——) made use of me one day in a walk with miss S****. I would freely say a little about the happy pair, but I am forbid: nothing material occured save a few hard blows, which he gave me by rapping me against the ground and the gates as we passed along. I at length arrived at the house of miss Vowell, and was plced in one corner of the parlour, where I stood in quiet for a day or two: at last, alas! my destroyer came (it was on a Friday I perfectly well remember); it was a mr. Y——, he, to give him his due, nevertheless is a good inoffensive, honest sort of a fellow. I cannot omit giving a little detail about him; and for which I trust his goodness will forgive. — This mr. Y——, you must know, had long cherished a passion for miss Vowell; and length was enabled to confess it to her, paying her a visit one Friday noon; he, by some means, espied me, and begged of her to lend me to him, as he was going to town. She generously granted his request, begged I might be taken care of, as she told him I belonged to mr. H——, I was now taken possession of, with an assurance that I shoul be safely returned: a stage passing at the moment, away we went to the roof, and soon arrived in London, safe and sound, when I was delivered, with his *roquelaure*, to the care of the chambermaid at the inn: the next morning we resumed our journey in the same manner, and got back all right and tight, when I expected to be returned in course, but, instead of which, mr. Y—— took me with him on his journey, and it was a fortnight before I reached my old place of residence. I must say I was taken the greatest care of possible. He then took me in his hand to miss Vowell; and, after a *tête-á tête* for about half an hour, he left her, and took me with him; having agreed to accompany her and miss S—— in a walk the same evening. At the hour of seven

ſeven they met; and how delightful it was to promenade the green lawn of W—— Park. I was here witneſs to a happy ſcene:—

'With gratitude's tears I'll her kindneſs repay; (he lov'd;
'Twas here in this grove he firſt told her
And ever remember'd be that happy day,
The day on which Eliza his paſſion approv'd.'

The learned Zimmerman ſays, and truly ſays, 'The impreſſion is indelible; the boſom for ever retains a ſenſe of that higheſt euſtaſy of love, and of the place where the firſt time that happy diſcovery, that fortunate moment, when two lovers perceive their mutual fondneſs.

As the evening was far advanced, mr. Y—— and the ladies were on their return; and, amongſt their chit-chat, the diſlike of certain animals, reptiles, &c. was introduced. Mr. Y—— obſerved, that he thought a toad the moſt loathſome, and ſaid he would go a mile to ſhun the ſight of one. 'Oh!' pretty little dears,' exclaimed miſs Vowell, 'I like them:'—(this was only meant as a joke.)—Alas! for me, on a ſudden, a huge black one crept from the graſs, and nearly touched the foot of mr. Y——, at which he was ſo terrified, that he ſtarted, and made a blow at it with me; and I came in contact with ſuch violence againſt the ground, that I was inſtantaneouſly ſhivered aſunder, and my ſkin excoriated in a moſt dreadful manner, that I expected nothing elſe but to be left behind, or thrown into a ditch. Miſs Vowell gave mr. Y—— a gentle rebuke for his impetuous conduct, but it really was unneceſſary, as he was truly ſorry for my misfortune. I was taken home to miſs S——'s houſe, where ſhe promiſed to get me mended, and return me to miſs Vowell for mr. H——, which ſhe accordingly did.

This little narrative may perhaps operate as a leſſon to many, and may ſhow them, that many things, however trifling they appear, may with good care be rendered uſeful; even this poor walking-ſtick, had it remained in the grove untouched by any, might one day have been a floating bulwark for old England.

Rats, or a Comment on Shakſpeare.

MR. EDITOR,

RETURNING lately from Chelſea in a boat with a friend, we had ſome curious converſation with a great traveller. This traveller was no other than the boatman, who entertained us with many of the wonders of the Cape of Good Hope. Sheep whoſe tails outweighed their bodies, &c. At length we landed at Weſtminſter Bridge, when a boy exclaimed, '*A rat, a rat!*' and our Palinurus immediately purſued him, but ineffectually. However the incident led to this converſation. 'Pray ſir,' ſaid the traveller to my friend, 'as you ſeem to know ſome'at, pray what tails have the rats got at the Cape?' 'What tails?' he replied; 'Why rats' tails to be ſure!' and here we both laughed, but rather prematurely it ſeemed, for the traveller inſtantly and contemptuouſly exclaimed —'No, I'll be d—— if they have —for the rats there have no jails.'

Now mr. Editor, the firſt *Witch* in *Macbeth*, ſays—

'A ſailor's wife had cheſnuts in her lap
And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht. Give me, quoth I.
Aroint thee, witch!—the rump-fed ronyon cried.
Her huſband's to *Aleppo* gone, maſter o' the Tyger:
But in a ſieve I'll thither ſail,
And like a *rat without a tail*,
I'll do—I'll do—and I'll do.' *Act I. Sc.* 3.

The commentators have had no recourſe to their knowledge of natural hiſtory on this ſubject, and you may make what you pleaſe of it.

ORIGINAL

ORIGINAL AND SELECT POETRY.

Diſtracted Laura.

WHO is ſhe (where yonder the wild Oſiers wave,)
Expos'd to the cold midnight air,
Who moiſtens with tear-drops the cold icy grave,
And raves in the voice of deſpair?

Hark! hark how he groans on the ruffian breeze ſwell,
As keen through the air it doth blow;
Oh! ſay, courteous ſtranger, perhaps thou can'ſt tell,
Why thus ſhe's the victim of woe?

In myſtery's gloom is involv'd, cry'd the ſwain,
The poor hapleſs maniac's grief,
Yet only in death does ſhe e'er hope to gain,
From ſorrow's keen thraldom relief.

For years have I liv'd in this here lonely plain,
And oft as this way do I rove,
Poor *Laara*, the victim of anguiſh and pain,
Thus weeps o'er the grave of her love.

Whenever the fear of compaſſion ſhould fall,
Call'd forth by her woes, hapleſs maid!
She ſays that her anguiſh, her ſorrows ſhall all
Ceaſe when with her true love ſhe's laid.

Full oft as ſhe preſſes the damp icy clay,
Heaves ſhe a long drawn wiſtful ſigh;
A ſigh from th' approach of that much-wiſh'd for day,
When ſhe to her lover ſhall hie.

Nor aught for a minute can tempt her to leave,
The ſpot where her true lover lies;
Her comfort, while here is to watch by his grave,
And pierce its dark boſom with ſighs.

Though rudely the winds blow, and faſt falls the rain,
Though loudly the tempeſt ſhould howl;
Though fierce foaming torrents ſhould deluge the plain,
Yet ſtill unappall'd is her ſoul.

Each object which erſt us'd afford her delight,
Now views ſhe with apathy drear;
The broad glow of day, on the darkneſs of night,
No longer can ſooth her deſpair.

A ſtranger to peace? looks the ill-fated maid,
To Heav'n, where has bliſs no alloy;
To her will ſeem death in no terrors array'd,
Its coming ſhe'll welcome with joy.

Kilkenny, 7th Oct. 1808. I. C. B.

Anſwer to the ſecond Rebus in Laſt Mag.

A *mule* is a beaſt with long ears to his head,
A *ling* is a fiſh in the ſeas that is bred;
A *garter's* the bandage above the knee,
This ſpells your town in Britanny.

Newry, 1808. MULLINGAR.

Rebus by R. B. Newry.

HALF of an aſtronomer, two thirds of a grain, (name.
A town in this kingdom will certainly

The following poetical Eſſay was written extempore by a very Young Lady in the weſt of Ireland, and ſent with the Miniature of a brave Officer who died at the age of 25.

'THIS miniature I do thee ſend,
(The image of thy deareſt friend)
May now and then extort a ſigh,
When view'd with an attentive eye.
Alas! reflection will with pain,
Oft call to mind ſome former ſcene;
But he's at reſt, his labour's o'er,
And anchor'd on a happy ſhore;
No hopes or fears can there annoy,
But all is endleſs peace and joy.
How vain to mourn the happy dead,
Who are from cares and ſorrows fled?
And yet, dear ſenſibility,
We can't diveſt ourſelves of thee.

M. A. B.

Military Economy.

OUR ſoldiers of late—'twas when muffins were dear,
Economy bade without *powder* appear;
The plan was approved of, but yet, in good ſooth, (youth!
It took from the ranks all the *flour* of our

But now, to abridge both their trouble and care, (is there!
Their locks are all ſhorn—not a *White-locke*
And as to appearance, with all due ſubmiſſion,
I think *loſing* their hair a wond'rous *addition!*

Our Britons, like Samſon, as ſomewhere one reads, [deeds,
Have no need of *locks* to *ſecure* their brave
For let all our foemen in myriads aſſail,
'Tis certain our ſoldiers will never *turn tail!*

Tho' curtail'd their ranks, 'tis their character due, *their cue*;
In beating the French, that they ſtill *keep*
And no doubt their attempts with ſucceſs will be ſped, [*their head*
For the French can ne'er injure a *hair of*

Some

Some troops are *light-arm'd* in the white
'tented field,' [*light-heel'd*;
While some are *light finger'd* and others
But ours, when *light-hearted* are most to be
dreaded, *headed*!
And not a whit less now they all are *light-*

May freedom's full harvest be gather'd by
Spain!
May Corsican vermin attempt it in vain!
May the daughters of Britain, secur'd from
alarms, grateful arms!
Receive their rich *crops* with outstretch'd
WILLIAM GEORGE.

A Portuguese Quibble.

'IS this the case, old 'rot-un!'
Cried Bull, with passion bursted,
'Our adm'ral then is COTTON,
Our gen'ral he is *worsted*.'

NIEBS.

The Convention of the Winds.

'TWAS on a cloudless, moonlight night,
That quite eclips'd St. Stephen's tapers,
When one might see to read or write
Orders of council and *state papers*.

Eolus, who had been that night
On business over Chelsea ferry,
At his return, (things looked so bright)
Resolv'd to make his vassals merry.

He called the East, he called the West,
To meet him in his hall, so airy;
The North the South, and all the rest
That round his veering compass vary.

He treated as a chieftian should—
His *wind* was good—they all grew hearty
When up got Zephyr, in wild mood,
And with'd success to—Bonaparte!

Boreas quite enraged at this,
And bellowing, swore like any Pagan,
That he had acted much amiss,
And should be sent to—Copenhagen.

At Copenhagen's name the east
Took fire, and op'ning straight his wide
mouth,
Call'd Boreas an unfeeling beast
And vow'd he'd tell his friend lord S—th

The south likewise thought fit to blow,
Tho' not a breezer seem'd to mind him;
His tones were all so dull and low,
They scarce would raise the mirth of
W—m.

Eolus now began to growl,
And bade them cease their factious ca-
pers;
Declaring that their conduct foul
Had filled his noddle with the vapours.

'Have I assembled you,' he cries,
'To listen to your petty jangling?
'For shame! learn manners and be wise—
'I'm sick of nonsense, noise, and wrang-
ling.

'Let squabblers in your hall beneath,
'Display such want of grace and know-
ledge,
'Wasting their precious time and breath,
'Debating on a *drug* or *college*.

'Altho' this night looks fair and clear,
'The next may bring a change of wea-
ther,
Then *General Danger* may appear,
'When all had need to draw together.

'You Boreas, hasten to the north—
'Near Sweden keep your watchful sta-
on;
'You, East, betwixt the Frith of Forth
'And Helder, ply your ventilation.

'You, gentle South, the coast attend
'From Ushant to the bay of Biscay,
'And frequently expresses send
'To ——— in the *Isle of Whiskey*.

You, Zephyr, shall remain at home,
'And still be ready on occasion,
'(If ever an occasion come,)
'To blast each effort at invasion.'

How to make a Lord.

FOLLY and pride in hell one morning meet-
ing, (greeting)
(Suppose the curtsies o'er, and past the
Having talked over all the common tattle,
From Catalani to Dutch Sam's last battle;
Says Pride, I have been thinking of a plan,
If you'll assist, I wish to make a man,
Compounded of your qualities and mine,
Where pride and folly shall conspicuous
shine. [straight,
Folly assents, and would have answered
But that they heard a knocking at the gate:
Through which some friends of theirs
walked in, by name,
Ignorance, avarice, vanity, and fame,
Mixt with the group, from Portland-place
they came,
Pride, of her silly scheme as usual *proud*,
Told them her plan, but the in laughter-
loud you ma'm!
All joined, and giggling cried, lord bless
We've just this instant made l—d R——m.

A. B. C.

State

State of Public Affairs.

'*IN* the preſent political ſtate of Europe, and indeed at all times, the propriety of England cultivating a cloſe and friendly intercourſe with Spain is ſo apparent, that we cannot but feel ſurpriſed if ſhould have been ſo long neglected. On enquiry, we find the cauſes of this to be various. Ancient wars; alliances between the two former monarchies of France and Spain; and the intereſts of the latter country and of England badly underſtood by both. Yet I affirm, that ſuch are the diſpoſitions of the Spaniards towards the Engliſh that, with a little care on the part of the government, the two countries might become indiſſolubly united. It is here that we ought to look for a great balance to the power of France. *It is in this country perhaps, unfavourable as appearances may now be, that the freedom of Europe is deſtined to commence.*

'The highlanders of Britain may ſtill rouſe to arms in a kindred language their celtic brethren in the mountains of Leon, Biſcay, and Gallicia; and even extend their enthuſiaſm over the plains to the centre of the country and the mountains of Arragon and Guadarrama. But the great events, likely ſoon to take place in this country, mock the vain ſpirit of prophecy. I bid adieu to Spain, and ſhould quit with regret its lofty mountains, its almoſt boundleſs plains, its delightful climate, and the many monuments of its departed glories; but I have been always uſed to breathe the air of freedom, and around me I ſee nothing but ſlavery, ſtifled indignation, and miſery. Its happy natural ſituation is overbalanced by political errors, and the blindneſs of deſpotic power: and whilſt we regret that ſo fine a country ſhould be almoſt abandoned to nature, we cannot but feel ſome ſmall portion of contempt for the inhabitants who permit it.'

Theſe are the words of a late traveller into Spain, who publiſhed his travellings in the beginning of the year 1807, and who was in Spain ſome little time before the battle of Trafalgar. The author, mr. Semple, is an American by birth, but by principles and education an Engliſhman; and he views the countries through which he paſſes with the eye of a philoſopher and lover of mankind. He ſaw the wretched ſtate of Spain, witneſſed its degradation by profligate princes, and cheating prieſts and monks. Yet, in this object ſtate, he could trace the outlines of a generous ſpirit, which circumſtances might excite, and which ſubſequent events have proved to exiſt in the minds of numerous Spaniards.

The accounts from this country, evince great political wiſdom and energy; the men who take the lead in Spain are at preſent alive to every ſentiment of patriotiſm, and are well acquainted with the ancient political liberties of the country, of which they have been lately deprived by their preceding monarchs, particularly thoſe of the houſe of Bourbon, and by the treachery and art of prieſtcraft. The courage of the nation has been tried in various actions with the French, whom they have compelled to retire to the north of Spain; and we cannot but feel ſome apprehenſions that the French may receive reinforcements to enable them to retain ſome ſtrong holds, and to renew the war with vigour.

All the country to the ſouth of Madrid is completely cleared of the French: the Franco-Spaniſh king has retreated to Burgos, and to that place he is calling all his forces. Bilboa has been taken by them: but we every day expect to hear the news of its ſurrender. Spaniſh troops are marching from the ſouth, eaſt, and weſt; and, if our accounts are true, they are ſufficient in number to compel the French to retire: whether they can cut off their retreat, and compel the ſurrender of the enemy's army, we have not ſufficient intelligence to determine. There is a great difference between cutting off detachments and the fighting of a battle on a grand ſcale, in which it is evident that the French muſt have a great ſuperiority in experience, in diſcipline, and in the ſkill of their generals. We ſhall hope that they will not put any thing to ſo great a riſque, but follow the advice of their precautions; and, in the mean time, they muſt think of forming a regular army to meet the threatened attack of the French emperor.

Bonaparte is evidently collecting troops to ſubdue the ſpirit of Spain. In his communications with his ſenate he treats the baffling of his hopes as a mere inſurrection of the lower claſſes, inſtigated by the prieſts, the Engliſh, and the hopes of plunder. He is marching troops towards the Pyrenees, and ſending his moſt experienced generals to that quarter. It is doubtful whether he means to join them, or whether he may not be called eaſtward by the affairs of Auſtria. At any rate he will not give up Spain eaſily: the conflict will be long and ſevere, but very different from that of the ſucceſſion war, when the houſe of Bourbon was firſt ſet on the Spaniſh throne. At that time it was a mere diſpute of courts, mere cabinet intrigues, ſupported by leaders, and in which the people were reckoned as nothing. Now it is a war, in which the whole maſs

of

of the people are engaged, fighting for their liberties and independence againſt a nation which they never liked, and from which they have lately received the deepeſt injuries. Nothing can prevent their ſucceſs but diviſion among themſelves, and againſt this the labours of the wiſeſt men have been directed: how far their counſels will be attended to time muſt ſhew; but the annals of hiſtory have ſcarcely ever preſented to the world ſo grand a ſubject for contemplation. When the Americans were fighting for their liberty and independence, principles were divulged and maintained which ſhook the throne of ancient prejudice; and with great bravery, and ſkill, and patriotiſm, they formed the excellent government which they now poſſeſs: but the circumſtances of the people of America and Spain are very different, and modes of government are various. Spain may form an admirable government, totally different from that of America, or thoſe now exiſting in Europe; and it ſhould always be remembered, that the form is not of ſo much importance as the eſtabliſhment of the civil rights of each individual, and particularly of that grand right, to which every man is entitled, and of which he cannot be deprived but by fraud or unjuſt force, that of worſhipping his maſter according to the dictates of his own conſcience.

A grand ſtep is now taken towards the formation of the government; and the junta of Seville iſſued a moſt admirable paper upon the occaſion. All the juntas ſeemed to be impreſſed with the ſame principles, and the neceſſity of forming a central government for the immediate purpoſes of carrying on the war with France, correſponding with other countries, and keeping up the connections with their colonies. In conſequence of this mutual agreement, deputies have been elected by the different juntas, who are to meet at Cuidad Reale, in the diſtrict of La Mancha, there to take upon themſelves the reins of government, and to provide every thing for the meeting of the Cortez. Much will depend upon the wiſdom and patriotiſm of this delegated body; the happineſs of the kingdom is in a great meaſure in their hands, and there is every reaſon to believe, that the fitteſt perſons have been ſelected upon this occaſion. In the firſt exerciſe of their authority, they will probably go upon the ancient principles of their free government; and war muſt be their chief concern. To the Cortes muſt be left the ſettling of the fixed principles of their future government; and it is to be hoped, that their king will be kept ſafely in France till the whole is arranged. As a conſtitution was provided for them at Bayonne by the French emperor, which with all its defects, was far better than that by which they have ever yet been governed, it is to be preſumed, that they will not preſent to Spain a worſe ſyſtem: they have the example of our own country before them, and therefore ought to avoid our errors. One ſingle principle being eſtabliſhed,—namely, that the Cortez ſhall meet every year, be elected annually, and every man be incapable of holding any place or penſion under government, or any poſt whatever in the kingdom, will preſerve them from infinite miſchief. The kingdom can always preſent a number of ſuch men, from whom to form a ſelection: and without this proviſo, their country will preſent the uſual contemptible inſtances of corruption, intrigue, and faction.

In Spain every thing looks well.—We turn our eyes towards Portugal:—every thing looked well in Portugal. An army of Engliſhmen, well appointed, meet the French, and beat them in two battles. The news arrives, and fills every heart with joy. This army receives reinforcements—outnumbers the French almoſt doubly. News does not arrive for ſome time.—The winds occaſion a delay; but no doubt is entertained, that the Britiſh colours wave over the walls of Liſbon, and the ſhips of Ruſſia. At laſt an expreſs reaches town:—the park and tour guns are fired:—the news is ſpread abroad, that the French have capitulated, and the Ruſſian fleet has ſurrendered. We rejoice in the ſervices rendered to the Portugueſe; in that kingdom being reſcued from French thraldom; and in ſo many French ſoldiers being rendered incapable of doing farther injury during the war.

How are all countenances changed on the next morning, when the gazette appears with the diſpatches from our general ſir Hew Dalrymple. It announces, that, after the ſecond defeat of the French, an officer from their army arrives to propoſe a ceſſation of arms, with a view to a convention, and the evacuation of Portugal by the French. Sir Arthur Welleſley is appointed to meet this general, and to lay down the baſis of this convention: he ſettles with the French general, or one would rather ſuppoſe, the French general dictates to the Engliſh general, that the baſis of the convention ſhould be the evacuation of Portugal, on condition that the French ſhould be conveyed away to France, with arms, ammunition, and baggage, that Liſbon ſhould be conſidered as a neutral port; and that the Ruſſian fleet ſhould not be attacked by the Engliſh, till after a certain time from its quitting the harbour.

What could induce ſir Arthur Welleſley to

to put his name to such conditions, no one in England can imagine: but, be this as as it may, the conditions are not treated with the contempt they deserved at head-quarters. A convention is actually drawn up, signed, and sealed, by which the French are indeed to leave Portugal, but we are to find transports for them; they are to carry away their arms, a certain quantity of ammunition, and their baggage, that is, all the plunder of our allies. The Russian fleet, however, has not the same terms. Our admiral interferes in this respect, and he will not suffer the fleet to leave the Tagus; but by a strange inconsistency permits the sailors to depart, or rather consents that they shall be carried back to Russia, and their ships are to be restored to Russia at the end of six months from signing of the treaty of peace.

Thus the forces of our common enemies, who were cooped up in Lisbon, and incapable of acting against our allies with effect, are on a sudden let loose, and in a manner which Bonaparte and the emperor of Russia would never have expected. While the French were in Lisbon, they were to all intents and purposes of no other use, than to keep the Portuguese in the environs of the metropolis in order; and there could be no doubt, that in a short time they must have submitted to the armies of the Portuguese, unaided by our forces. They could not get into Burgos, without being cut off by the Spaniards; and they were wanted by the French at the foot of the Pyrenees. Our generals have kindly consented, that they should be conveyed away in the earliest manner to Bonaparte's army, now preparing for the invasion of Spain. They are to be landed in France, and a few days will convey them from their landing-place, to take their station in the invading army, and to attack the Spaniards. Thus the Spaniards will have no small reason to cry out against this shameful treaty.

What is the condition of the Portuguese? It does not appear that they have been at all consulted upon this occasion. A French army has seized her country, committed numberless outrages, plundered it unmercifully, and we graciously came over to assist our allies, we beat, as we say, the enemy, and yet let him carry away the property of our friends. Surely the Portuguese might say,—you ought to have left us some chance of getting back the property unjustly taken from us.—We are not indeed so much injured as the Spaniards, as we do get rid of these robbers; but when we go to the assistance of our neighbours, we shall have to fight them again, but without any chance of the restitution of our property.

The Russian fleet was perfectly useless in the Tagus. Five thousand sailors had nothing to do, and their country could not avail itself of their services. We send them back to Russia to recruit their fleet, and to enable them to combat the king of Sweden in the Baltic. What will our ally of Sweden say to this? In fact, the treaty is injurious to Spain, Portugal and Sweden. How does it tell with respect to ourselves? Our soldiers had fought bravely, had beaten the French, and had every reason to expect an unconditional submission, or at least that the French should become prisoners of war. The idea that they should be permitted to go again into actual service immediately seems so preposterous, that nothing scarcely can justify it. Again, both army and navy have been joined together in an expedition, and the naval force of the enemy would form, upon the usual terms, some prize-money. They have now had hard blows, and nothing in return to compensate them for their labours. In short, army and navy, the whole country, and all our allies, have reason to complain of this disgraceful business; and throughout England, not one approving voice has been heard upon this occasion.

It is natural now to ask, who were the generals that could thus dishonour the English name? The two first were scarcely known; the third, sir Arthur Wellesley, had acted with great skill and bravery, both in Portugal and India. For some time it was reported, that the latter had left the army, and had protested against these proceedings; but his name appears in the preliminaries, giving his sanction to terms more disgraceful than those which were at last concluded. Many have been the attempts to remove the blame from his shoulders to those who are superior to him in command; but we cannot see how, if they are disgraced, he will escape from a much greater portion of ignominy. In short, the whole is a mystery, to be developed by a military enquiry: for at present we cannot account for it, but upon a supposition that will cover these generals with far more disgrace than could have even been attached to the conventions at Buenos Ayres and Helder. Our soldiers fight bravely, what is the reason that Great Britain has so much reason to complain of her commanders in chief?

England does not complain of her naval commanders, and she has no reason, whilst they act with the spirit lately displayed in the Baltic. The English and Russians have met together in a hostile manner on the seas. Only two of our ships were with the Swedes, and the Russians were retreating. The English advanced, and soon got away

from the Swedish fleet, and nine Russian men of war were seen fleeing from two English ships of the line. Our vessels came up with the rear of the Russians, took one ship, which they were under the necessity of destroying, and compelled the rest, who came up to its assistance, to retreat. The admiral presented the Russian flag to the king of Sweden, who with the greatest gallantry desired that it might be sent to England as a proof of the bravery and skill of our naval forces. The Russian fleet escaped to Port Baltic, and may by this time be destroyed: for we doubt not that, if there is any possibility of attacking them, the opportunity will not be lost by our commanders. This success of the combined navies of Sweden and England will lead to the entire destruction of the Russian naval power in the Baltic, and by all accounts the arms of Sweden have been successful in Finland. It is certain that the Russians have retreated, and their main body is said to be not above thirty or forty mile from Petersburgh: but accounts from that quarter are little to be depended upon. Our naval assistance will be a great point in favour of the king of Sweden, and the circumstances that have taken place in the south of Europe may continue him for some time longer on the throne.

Denmark remains, as before, inactive as to the war about her. This country has however, been distinguished by the gallant conduct of the Spaniards, who, by Bonaparte's treachery, had been marched so far from their homes. With great skill their commander contrived to march several regiments to the sea side, who, hearing of the revolution in their country, burned with impatience to assist in the cause of liberty. Measures had been concerted with the admiral of our ships on the coast, and the Spanish troops were conveyed from Zealand to a small island, thence to Gottenburgh, and are now on the way to England to be conveyed to their own country. We flatter ourselves that they will be landed in Biscay, before the French troops embarked at Lisbon can be marched to the Pyrenees.

What the plans of the emperor of Russia may be, time alone can discover. Should the alliance between him and France be shaken by events in Spain, Austria will be safe: if not, the war may break out in that quarter, and Austria again be humbled. If she is, no compassion can be excited; for it does not appear, that the system of the court has been at all changed, nor that any thing has been done to make the people imitate the transactions in Spain.—Confusion is to have taken place in Poland: the Poles, with justice, complaining that their liberty and independence were not restored. They will be brought to order by the ferocious Russians, the decided enemies of liberty, who, being slaves themselves, cannot enjoy the sight of happiness in any other country.

Turkey presents to us the usual symptoms of decaying empire. The last of the Ottomans is now upon the throne. His predecessor enjoyed it but a short time, and the young prince holds his seat on a very precarious tenure. The whole was done by the militia. A commander enters the seraglio—depose the remaining monarch—places a new one upon the throne—and make himself vizier! that is in other words, he is the ruler of the empire. These successive changes must weaken the state, and against so wretched a government the arms of civilized Europe might be turned with great benefit. To England might properly be assigned the islands in the Mediterranean, and the unhappy Greeks might be restored the benefits of civilized life. The changes to take place in this part of the world cannot much longer be delayed; and the crescent of Mahomet will, it is to be hoped, soon share the same fate with the triple crown of popery.—His holiness the pope is making sad lamentations; he cannot bear the loss of his temporalities. Whatever is to happen, we trust that Englishmen will never be so basely employed as in the restoration of his holiness, as he is called, to those dominions, which have been annexed to his see, to the injury of his subjects and to all mankind. Indeed, much as we should rejoice at the suppression of the immense power of Bonaparte, it would be with great regret that we should see Italy restored to any of its former masters.

In France, Bonaparte has had a meeting of his senate; and before it have been laid all the papers relative to the abdication of the throne of Spain, the settling of a new constitution for it at Bayonne, and the appointment of a king. The language used on this occasion is exactly similar to that of the old courts of Europe, in which the court is every thing and the people nothing. Great appointments are made for the deposed king and prince, and the royal family of Spain; and it is taken for granted, that, when these unfortunate men had resigned their rights, which they certainly were at liberty to do, the appointment of a successor fell into the hands of him to whom they resigned them. This is upon supposition, that a kingdom is something, to which a king has a right, independently of the people—a foolish and absurd notion! for a king cannot possess any right but by previous appointment, and we shall not find in the history of Spain, that, on the abdication of a king, the right of appointing a successor is vested in the sovereign who sits on the

the throne of France. However this may be, the French, loſt to all the feelings of liberty, and actuated by the ſame wicked ſpirit as influenced the cabinets of Europe in the beginning of their revolution, are entering with vigour into the meaſures of their chief, and are fabricating manifeſtos ſimilar to thoſe of the duke of Brunſwick and the prince of Cobourgh, in which the Spaniards are to be treated as revolters, and the utmoſt ſeverity of puniſhment is to be threatened to reſiſtance.

The Americans ſtill continue their embargo, and are determined to continue it as long as our orders in council are in force. They are equally embarraſſed with both England and France. What effect the revolution in Spain will have upon them time muſt ſhew: but we truſt that they will continue their wiſe plan to avoid a war, and not to be led away by thoſe falſe notions of honour and glory, which have hitherto miſled the nations that delight in war—that diſgrace to rational beings.

A ſingular circumſtance has occurred in our colony in Botany Bay. The governor has been arreſted, and ſent home by the next in command. The circumſtance relative to it are not ſufficiently developed: but, it is ſaid, that many illegal proceedings had taken place in the colony. That a governor may deſerve this treatment, and the ſecond in command be juſtified in ſuperſeding him, we cannot doubt; and nothing is more difficult than to keep governors of diſtant colonies to a true ſenſe of their duty. In England, however, it has been ſeen, that puniſhment, though long delayed, follows atrocious acts; and the ſentence and execution of governor Wall are proofs, that offenders, however high in office, are amendable to the laws of their country. It would be improper to enter into the particulars of the preſent ſituation of the colony, till the charges have been properly laid againſt the governor, and he has been heard in his own defence.

Two gentlemen of the name of Campbell have excited a great deal of intereſt; and their fate will, it is to be hoped, be a warning to every one who may be hurried by his paſſions into the danger of committing the ſame crimes. The one was a military officer, the other is a civil magiſtrate. The unfortunate military gentleman had a diſpute with a brother officer at meſs upon the modes of giving command at a review, and the language uſed upon the occaſion was warm, but not ſuch as, according to the moſt rigid notions of honour, could require a duel, and they might have paſſed even between two men without producing one. However, the major thought that his honour was wounded, and that it muſt be expiated by blood; and the going home to his wife and children to tea did not calm his feelings. He ſent for his brother officer after tea to the meſs-room, and what paſſed between them can no otherwiſe be known, than an exploſion was ſoon heard, and the major's comrade was found ſhot through the body. Of this wound he ſoon after expired, and before his death, declared only of the major, that he was a bad man. The major was tried, found guilty, and executed on the gallows. Great intereſt was made to preſerve his life; but the circumſtances did not admit of the interpoſition of mercy. Such an awful inſtance of the execution of juſtice cannot fail of having its effect upon duelliſts, and of preventing the fighting of a duel without witneſſes. Whether duelling may be defended at all, is a queſtion with many moraliſts; but certainly, if it can be connived at, the adherence to ſome general rules ought to be expected from every man who takes upon himſelf the office of judge, jury, and executioner in his own cauſe. The puniſhment will probably next be extended to the principals and ſeconds in all duels, where the cauſe is trifling, and where the diſpute could eaſily have been made up by the ſeconds. In this manner the horrors of a ſavage cuſtom will be often removed; and even men will learn in time, that it does them no honour to be ſo ready to take away the lives of their fellow-creatures.

The puniſhment of the civil magiſtrate was not ſo great, though this mr. Campbell, like his nameſake, was the means of taking away the life of an Engliſhman. His ſentence was three months impriſonment, and a fine to the crown: and if to this is added the poignant reflection of the cenſure of the law and of all our countrymen, unleſs perhaps we may except ſome members of the ſociety for the ſuppreſſion of vice, we truſt that this will be ſufficient to prevent ſimilar wrong-headedneſs, and the dangerous interference of the members for the ſuppreſſion of vice in the diverſions of the people. A country feaſt or wake was held ſomewhere near Bath, with the uſual country diverſions, which the members of the vice ſociety hold ſo much in abhorrence. Mr. Campbell choſe to term the meeting riotous, broke in among the people with one or two conſtables, and being rather preſſed in return by them, ſhot with a piſtol one of them dead. The laws of the land were ſufficient for the ſeizure of the culprit, who was very properly brought to his trial, and after an excellent admonition from the judge, received the ſentence of the law, and is now undergoing the puniſhment, which it awarded to his crime. On the un-

happy man we would avoid saying any thing to wound his feelings: on the contrary we rejoice at the good character which, from the teſtimony of his neighbours, he ſeems in general to have borne: but the circumſtances in which this criminal placed himſelf, cannot fail of giving riſe to ſerious reflections:—A diſpoſition of late years has prevailed in this country of interfering, under the ideas of a ſpecious morality, with all the amuſements of the lower claſſes. Many gentlemen who have good houſes, excellent dinners, and excellent wines, who can viſit their friends when they pleaſe, and how they pleaſe, conſtitute themſelves into judges of what ought to pleaſe their inferiors; and their inferiors are to move in a line or rule, according to the ſuppoſed more refined notions of thoſe more moral and evangelical men. Let the criminal conduct of mr. Campbell and his puniſhment bring ſuch perſons to better reflections, and lead their minds to a better train of thinking: we recommend to them a paper of Jovellanos on the interference of government in the amuſements of Spain, which they will find at the end of lord Holland's memoirs of Lopez de Vega. They will there ſee how the ſpirit of a people may be broken; and to this ſtate would the people of England be brought, if the ſociety for the ſuppreſſion of vice was not daily ſinking into contempt.

LONDON *Sept.* 26.

IMMEDIATELY after the conventions were concluded in Portugal, the French, who were permitted to carry off their plunder with impunity, ſet about increaſing it by all poſſible means.—Hoſtilities had ceaſed with the Britiſh, but hoſtilities againſt Portugueſe property were moſt actively carried on. The following inſtances have been mentioned—A merchant of the name of Pedro D'Avelca, had, the day after the date of the treaty, been plundered of property to the amount of 10,000, dollars including ſome family plate—Seignior Ferragdez, an Alcalde, had been ordered to pay 6000 dollars, and was thrown into priſon until his friends had raiſed the ſum. Upon his liberation, he demanded from the ſecretary to general Junot, the cauſe of his fine and impriſonment, when he was anſwered that the contribution was to enable the general to reward the bravery which his troops had diſplayed in the battles of the 17th and 21ſt. A ſum amounting to nearly 50,000 dollars has in like manner been taken from an Engliſh gentleman of the name of Stevens, long reſident in Portugal.

29.] By a veſſel which arrived yeſterday from Cadiz, account have been received, ſtating that the plunder found in the poſſeſſion of Dupont and his army was publicly exhibited at the cuſtom houſe of that city, for the purpoſe of aſſuring the citizens that ſuch plunder had been made in Spain. Among the articles of plunder were a number of vaſes, crucifixes, and other articles of that diſcription, ſtolen from the Spaniſh chapels; there are alſo ſome bags of gold coin, termed Napoleons, which were ſent to Dupont, no doubt, for the purpoſe of corruption.

Dupont is confined at St Sebaſtian, in conſequence of his miſconduct; and he is allowed 24 reals, about 5s. Britiſh per day for his ſubſiſtance. The confinement of this officer is aſcribed, among other circumſtances already known, to the following fact:—

'Very ſhortly after he had ſurrendered, Dupont diſpatched a confidential officer to Junot, adviſing him ſtrongly to march into Andaluſia, and ſtating to him that victory would be certain, from various cauſes, which were deſcribed; and particularly that ſhould the main body of the Spaniſh army be drawn away, in conſequence of the alarm of his approach, he (Dupont) had the means of rallying the French priſoners, and aiding the object of Junot. The officer was intercepted, and his letter examined; and the natural conſequence was the immediate impriſonment of Dupont.

30.] A proclamation has been publiſhed by general Beresford, lord Proby, and general Kellermann, relative to the reſtitution of property, that had been plundered or confiſcated. The reſtitution of three commiſſioners, one of whom is an Engliſh officer, the ſecond a Portugueſe, and the third a French officer.—Great diſputes had taken place relative to the articles relating to property.—Our officers declared that plunder did not come under the denomination of property.—Junot however inſiſted that he and his army had a right to carry off whatever was in their poſſeſſion whilſt he commanded at Liſbon.—This interpretation has been reſiſted by our officers, and the French are to return to their own country without that pillage they had ſo ſcandalouſly acquired.—Junot had attempted to embark his plunder, amongſt which was the muſeum of natural curioſities, belonging to the prince regent: it was all, however, ordered to be re-landed—One of the hideous features of this convention will thus be ſoftened; but our brave troops are repreſented, in private letters, to be muce diſſatiſfied with the reſult of the campaign.—It is not true, however, that any inſurrection had broken out at Liſbon, and has rather ſurpriſed us, that none of the private letters make mention of the proteſt ſaid to

have been made against the convention by general Sereira. That proteſt was dated on the 24th, whereas we cannot find that any later news has been received from Liſbon than the 13th.—Some private letters ſtate the arrival of about 10,000 Spaniſh troops on the left bank of the Tagus, and that the commander claims the Spaniards confined by the French, without any regard to the ſtipulations of the convention. This was the force which was ſent by Caſtanos ſhortly after the ſurrender of Dupont.

Several private letters ſtate, that Junot had demanded tonnage for 27,000 men of which number 18,000 bore arms.

If Junot had 27,000 or 20,000 men when he ſurrendered, Bonaparte will not be very well pleaſed with his conduct—Twenty thouſand men in poſſeſſion of the ſtrong forts at Liſbon might have kept our army occupied for a much longer time.

The Britiſh troops going from Spain to Portugal with 20,000 men, are under the command of ſir John Moore.

Oct. 6.] Sir A. Wellesley is arrived—he landed at Plymouth on Tueſday, from the Plover ſloop, which brought alſo general Ferguſon, lord T Somerſet, the hon. captain Stanhope, captain Melliſh, and ſome other officers. They left Liſbon on the 28th ult, at which time nearly the whole of French troops had embarked to the *number of twenty-ſeven thouſand men*. Sir Arthur's evidence will of courſe be wanted in the enquiry which is about to take place. Sir Hew Dalrymple, it is ſuppoſed, will return to England in a few days. The Ruſſian fleet from the Tagus paſſed Plymouth on the 4th. and may be hourly expected at Spithead.

8.] Sir Arthur Wellesley was cloſeted a conſiderable time with the duke of York yeſterday morning.

Daring Burglary.—The counteſs of Morton's houſe, in Park-ſtreet, has for ſeveral days paſt been ſurrounded by a ſet of ſuſpicious fellows, who generally met about duſk. The ſervant maid entruſted with the care of the houſe, having taken notice of them, gave information at Marlborough-ſtreet office. Accordingly, on Wedneſday night, three police officers, well prepared with arms, went to the houſe, and at eight o'clock they ſent the ſervant out, after which they ſecreted themſelves in a cloſet adjoining one of the rooms, having provided themſelves with a candle. Soon after the departure of the ſervant, the kitchen bell was rung ſeveral times, and not being anſwered, the ringing was followed by hard knocking at the door. The thieves thinking there was no perſon in the houſe, broke the door open, and went to the room adjoining the cloſet where the officers had concealed themſelves, when the latter ruſhed out upon the robbers, who were five in number. A battle immediately enſued, and in the ſcuffle the candle was put out. One of the officers had juſt time to diſcharge his blunderbuſs, and ſhot one of them in the left arm—the ſhot went through the bone. Thus rudely aſſailed, the robbers attempted to make their eſcape through the back part of the houſe, by jumping off the firſt floor leads into Park-lane; in the attempt, one of them broke his leg, and was immediately ſecured. The man that had been ſhot run down South-ſtreet, and turning down a Mews where there is no thoroughfare, he was alſo taken; the other three eſcaped. One of them muſt have a ſevere wound, as the cutlaſs was covered with blood, and thoſe taken had not been touched by it. The two men who have been taken it appears, are reputed houſe breakers. They were taken to Mount-ſtreet watch houſe. As ſoon as the man that had been ſhot was brought he dropped down, and fainted from loſs of blood. Medical aſſiſtance was immediately procured. One of them is not expected to recover.

Collins *alias* Laſper, one of the wounded houſe breakers, underwent amputation of his arm on Thurſday afternoon. On mr. Heaviſide, the ſurgeon, informing the priſoner that he muſt make up his mind to undergo amputation, to ſave his life, the latter replied with conſiderable eagerneſs—'How am I to maintain my wife and family?' The ſurgeon replied, that if he did not comply, he would not live long, and he immediately went through the operation.

DUBLIN, *Oct.* 1.

LIEUTENANT LAWLESS, whoſe gallantry in the late action in the Baltic has been ſo highly commended by ſir Samuel Hood, is ſon of the rev. mr. Lawleſs, who was ſome time ſince rector of the pariſh of Donoughmore in the county of Cork. Though he was ſhot through the thigh with a muſket ball, we are happy to hear there is a fair proſpect of his recovery.

Captain Caulfield, who died lately in London of a decline, was the ſon of a major Caulfield, in the north of Ireland, a relative to the houſe of Charlemont. His perſon and manners were elegant and prepoſſeſſing. At a very early age he went into the guards; and having obtained much celebrity as an amateur Tragedian, he exchanged the ſaſh and gorget for the buſkin, and made a very ſucceſsful *debut*, in the part of *Hamlet*, at Covent Garden theatre. The unfortunate *crim. con.* buſineſs laſt

to have affected his ſpirits, and to have produced a laſſitude and depreſſion that haſtened his diſſolution.

4.] The following very extraordinary robbery took place on Tueſday laſt, between Cappagh-hill, and the nineteen Mile houſe.—Three gentlemen travelling in a poſt-chaiſe, were ſtopped by a ſingle highwayman, who demanded their money watches, &c. &c. The gentleman on the ſide of the carriage which the highwayman attacked, told him he had but a few ſhillings in caſh, and gave him a handful of ſilver, with which the robber appeared perfectly ſatisfied and rode off; in a few minutes he returned, and ſaid 'you are a very honeſt fellow, and ſhake hands.' The gentleman, took him by the hand, and having got him in his graſp he 'held on,' until his companions in the coach got out, by which time the highwayman had diſengaged himſelf and made off. One of the carriage horſes was immediately diſengaged from the harneſs, and he was inſtantly purſued and apprehended. He now lies in the gaol of Naas to take his trial for the offence. When taken before mr. Aylmer of Kilcock, the magiſtrate who committed him, he addreſſed him as follows:—'Now, ſir, take my advice and don't ſell my horſe under 40 guineas, for on my honour he's the beſt horſe in the kingdom.'

11.] A moſt horrid and unprovoked murder was committed on a man of the name of Pat. Burke, reſiding within a few miles of Caſhel, by his neighbour and landlord, Patrick Cuſick. The latter came to the houſe of Burke, armed with a gun to demand an arrear of rent (two ſhillings) which Burke ſaid he would give credit for in the amount of a decree which he had obtained againſt Cuſick at the laſt ſeſſions of Caſhel. Cuſick inſiſted on being inſtantly paid, and Burke complying, and coming out of his houſe to pay the money and get a receipt, was deliberately fired at by Cuſick, who drove five bullets through his body, which inſtantly killed him on the ſpot. A coroner's inqueſt was holden on the body before Richard Crotton, eſq. when the jury found a verdict of wilful murder againſt Cuſick, who has ſince abſconded.

19.] On Monday laſt, the carriage of William Brown, eſq. of Brown hill, county Carlow, was ſtopped about 6 o'clock in the evening, within three miles of Wicklow, by ſix men, two of whom held the horſes, and the other four examined the inſide of the carriage, and as they perceived the coachman ſecreting ſomething, they beat him and took what ſilver he had and his watch, which they afterwards returned by direction of their chief. The coachman had preſence of mind to conceal in his boot a letter of mr. Brown's, which contained a bank note: fortunately there was no perſon in the carriage.

25.], On Sunday morning, at the hour of four o'clock, the police foot patrole of the caſtle diviſion, under peace officer Nugent apprehended a gang of robbers juſt after committing a houſe robbery in Franciſ-ſtreet, belonging to mr. Sheridan, and the property found on their perſons. The magiſtrates of the head-office ſat till a late hour on Sunday to take examinations, and committed them for trial

Great diſcoveries are expected to take place in conſequence of the apprehenſion of Collier, the noted robber. He made a determined reſiſtance, and very narrowly eſcaped in conſequence of mr. Fox of the horſe police eſtabliſhment not having the expected aſſiſtance at hand. Although the mob which collected in Church-ſtreet made the ſtrongeſt efforts for his reſcue, mr. Fox, with a determined reſolution, highly honourable to his exertions, ſecured him without any other aſſiſtance. Large rewards have been offered for this ruffian's apprehenſion by the gentlemen of the counties of Meath and Louth, which were particularly the ſcenes of depredations, and we hope that the active officer, who has rid the country of this dangerous ruffian, will receive the reward which he ſo highly merits.

Extraordinary Longevity—Lately died in the village of Aberfeldie, Perthſhire, John Stewart, commonly known by the name of colonel John Stewart, at the very advanced age of 111 years: The hiſtory of this man is not a little remarkable. At the age of 18 he joined the pretender's banners, and was preſent at the battle of Sheriff Muir, near Stirling, as a young piper. In the year 1745, he again took up arms in ſupport of the pretenſions of the houſe of Stewart, and was preſent in the ſame capacity, in the battles of Falkirk, Preſton-Pans, and Culloden, in which laſt he received a ſevere wound in the thigh, in conſequence of which he was ſo lame, that he made uſe of crutches ever after. He was married to eight wives, by each of whom, excepting the laſt, he had ſeveral children. The number of his offſprings now alive is calculated to be more than 200. He was by trade a tinker, and was remarkably famous for making Hyland dirks and ſnuff mills. He retained to the laſt the full poſſeſſion of his mental faculties, and walked to church, which is at the diſtance of a mile and a half from his houſe, the Sunday before his death. The late ſir Wm. Forbes, of Edinburgh, generouſly allowed him, for many years back, 10l. per annum. It is believed that his death was more owing to exceſs in drinking whiſkey, of which beverage he

was always rather fond, than to any natural decay.

The ship Hibernia, which ſailed in September laſt from this port to Londonderry, and from thence with paſſengers to New York, was wrecked off the coaſt of Scotland, and not a ſingle article of propepty preſerved. Fortunately the crew, and about ſixty paſſengers, eſcaped—the ſituation of the latter is truly lamentable, they having collected their entire property for their new ſettlement, all of which went to the bottom. We underſtand the veſſel and cargo were fully enſured.

A moſt daring and rather ſingular burglary was committed at the houſe of Cahircon, county Clare. About twelve o'clock on the above night, a boat under ſail putin at the quay, from which 20 men, well armed and appointed, and under the command of a perſon whom this daring banditti ſtiled captain, landed and marched to the front of the houſe, they broke ſome of the windows, and fired one of their pieces into the houſe, which appears to have been loaded with ſlugs, They ſearched with the utmoſt care and ſcrutiny for arms and ammunition, and took with them every thing of that ſort which they met with. They entered an office of mr. Scott's, on a table in which lay his account books and papers of different ſorts—but what will appear almoſt incredible, on this very table lay, expoſed, a quantity of bank notes, ſome ſilver, and ſpecie, which the captain would not permit them to meddle with; and on meeting with a quantity of ſpirits, they ſhewed not the leaſt deſire to taſte it, but evinced ſuch a degree of rigid deſcipline and ſubordination that we really know not how to account for.—On quitting the quay of Cahircon, they ſteered for the county Limerick, banks of the Shannon.—Mr. Scott was at Kilruſh, attending his magiſterial duty at the ſeſſions.

An alarming fire broke out in old Chapel-lane, Cork, leading to the Watercourſe. It ſeems that the cauſe of this melancholy accident, has ariſen from the neglect of a woman leaving a lighted candle ſtuck too near the roof of a thatched cabin, when in a ſhort time the roof was perceived in a blaze, the wind blowing N. W. and in the direction of the adjoining cabins, the communication of the fire was rapid in its progreſs. There has been a dozen houſes, at leaſt, burned: beſides others which were ſtripped of the thatch, to prevent its further progreſs.

THE ARMY.

It is unqueſtionably ſtated that Sir John Moore is appointed commander in chief of the Britiſh forces deſtined for Spain, having under him lieutenant-gen. ſir Arthur Welleſley, as his ſecond in command, who goes out as early as circumſtances will admit of. Lieutenant-general ſir David Baird, with his diviſion, lately ſailed from Falmouth, is ordered direct to the northren coaſt of Spain, alſo to act with ſir John Moore's force from Liſbon, which, when united with his diviſion, will make the total of the infantry nearly 40,000 men: a body of light cavalry, amounting to 4000 under lord Paget, is alſo ordered to act with them.

In addition to the regiments we have already detailed, two more of heavy cavalry are mentioned, the 1ſt dragoons, and 5th dragoon guards. The royals are in this country, and the 5th at Dorcheſter.

Thurſday lieutenant-general ſir Hew Dalrymple and ſir William Scott, the judge, landed at Portſmouth.—Sir Hew called on both the port admiral and on general Whetham, the general-governor, but neither of them were at home, he then ſet off for town, and arrived next morning.

The phyſician general and ſurgeon general derive infinite credit for the very complete manner in which they have ſent off the expeditions with a medical ſtaff, particularly that which has juſt ſailed from Falmouth.

General Slade's Huſſar brigade ſtill remains wind-bound at St. Helen's, but they will take the opportunity of the leaſt ſhift of wind to ſtart, and proceed for Corunna to join ſir David Baird's army, to which they belong.—The duke of Clarence remains at Portſmouth with his ſon till the fleet ſails.

General Cotton's brigade will embark as ſoon as ever the tranſports are reported to be ready to receive them.

The tranſports with wounded men from Portugal have arrived at Spithead.

The prince left Portſmouth on Wedneſday morning, when the works were manned for him, and the road for upwards of four miles, and till he paſſed the out-works, was lined with troops, who ſaluted as he paſſed them. The ſhort reſidence of the prince at Portſmouth endeared him to the ſoldiers and ſailors: perhaps no act of his life ever ſhewed him in a more amiable view, or ſo entirely won the hearts of the army, as his kind, condeſcending, and affectionate conduct to his own regiment, when they embarked for a foreign country to meet the enemy.

Cornet George Fitz-Clarence, a fine youth, ſon to the duke of Clarence, has embarked with the 10th regiment for Spain; he was but very lately gazetted.

BIRTHS.

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AT Marlfield, the feat of John Bagwell, efq. the lady of John Croker, efq. of Ballineguard, in the county of Limerick, of a daughter.—At Woodroff, near Clonmell, the lady of Samuel Perry, efq. of a daughter.—The lady of Richard Anderfon Rofe, efq. of Vauxhall, county Tipperary, of a fon and heir.—At Dungannon Park, the feat of the right hon. lord vifcount Northland, on Friday, the 23 ult. the hon mrs. Edmond Knox, of a fon; and on Sunday, the 25th ult. the hon. mrs. Charles Knox, of a fon.—In Upper Merrion ftreet, the lady of captain George Burdett, of the royal navy, of a fon.—At Stacumnie, county Kildare, the lady of fir Simon Bradftreet, bart. of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

MR. JAMES NELSON, farmer, of Fadney, near Dromore, to miſs M'Cullagh, of Killyfcolven, near Dromore.—Mr. James Walkinſhaw, of Ballymena, to miſs Eliza Robinſon, of Knocknagunny, near Hollywood.—At the holy trinity church, Hull, T. Rowantree, aged 71, living in the hoſpital belonging to the trinity houſe, Whitefriar gate, to Bepthzibah Briggs, of Hull, widow, aged 74, after a courtſhip of nearly four hours from their firſt acquaintance.—John Hutchinſon, efq. ſurveyor of exciſe, to miſs Wilſon, daughter of Edward Wilſon, efq. of Richmond.—Mr. John M'Peak, of Moneymore, merchant, to miſs Eliza Hamill, daughter of mr. Michael Hamill, grazier, of the Falls, near Belfaſt.—Mr. John Alderdice, of Belfaſt, to miſs Mercer, of Hillſborough.—Mr. James Canning, Ballymacarrett, to miſs Ann Brady, Saltwater bridge.—John Smith, efq. ſon of the rev. John Smith, of Liſmacrory, county of Tipperary, to miſs Jane Browne, daughter of the late William Browne, efq of Warrenſtown, county Down.—At Chelwick church, near London, dr. Tierney, of Brighton, formerly of Rathkeale, county of Limerick, to miſs Jones, of Turnham-green, Middleſex.—Mr. John Ryan, of Clonmell, to miſs Collins, of Digges-ſtreet, Abraham Prim, efq. of Enniſnagg, county Kilkenny, to miſs Becher, of Kells.

DEATHS.

AT Clonakilty, mr. John Donovan.—In Limerick, William Goggin, efq printer and bookſeller.—In Limerick, in conſequence of a fall off his horſe mr. John Kelly.—At his lodgings in Limerick, William Arthur, efq. of Ennis.—At Ramſgate, in the 74th year of her age, mrs. Barton, relict of the late William Barton, efq of Grove, in the county Tipperary, and daughter of the rev. Charles Maſſey, of Donas, in the county Clare, and dean of Limerick.—At Ballyhome, near Bangor, mr. James Gray.—Miſs Alexander, daughter of mr. Robert Alexander, of Derry.—In Bride-ſtreet, mrs. Sarah Allen.—In the iſland of St. Domingo, mr. James Taylor, late of North Ann-ſtreet.—Thomas Chamney, of Ballyrahine, co. Wicklow, efq.—At Belfaſt, mrs. Eleanor Stewart, wife of mr. Alexander Stewart, linen-draper.—At Hillſborough, lieut. David Wright.—At Loughbrickland, mrs. M. Smith, aged 85 years.—In Cook-ſtreet, mr. James Stone.—At his ſeat near Wexford, William Alcock, efq.——At Black rock, near this city, the rev. T. Lloyd of Caſtle-Lloyd, in the co. of Limerick.—At Sidney-place, Cork, Richard Moylan, efq. of that city, merchant.—In Cork, mrs. Rebecca Haly, relict of Francis Haly, efq.—In lower Liffey-ſtreet, mr. Richard O'Neill, painter and glazier.—In Henrietta-place, mr. William Derrick, jun. in the 12th year of his age.—In Holland, Thomas Biggs, of the royal navy, ſon of Abraham Biggs, efq. of Waterford.—In Capel-ſtreet, in the bloom of life, deeply regretted by her family and friends, mrs. Fitzimons, wife of mr. Fitzſimons.—At his lodgings in Leixlip, mr. Duncan Stewart, printer.—The rev. Thomas Lloyd, of Caſtle-Lloyd, county Limerick, rector of the pariſh and union of Cullen, in the dioceſe of Caſhel.—At Hedleſton, mrs. Alice Atkins, wife of Thomas Atkins, efq. and ſixth daughter of the late rev. Robert Atkins.

THE RIGHT HON.ble COUNTESS of HARRINGTON.

MISS SMITH AS PORTIA.

There are some shrewd contents in yon same letter
That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek
Merchant of Venice